

## SAMUEL JOHNSON.\*

SAMUEL JOHNSON, one of the most eminent English writers of the eighteenth century, was the son of Michael Johnson, who was, at the beginning of that century, a magistrate of Lichfield, and a bookseller of great note in the midland counties. Michael's abilities and attainments seem to have been considerable. He was so well acquainted with the contents of the volumes which he exposed to sale, that the country rectors of Staffordshire and Worcestershire thought him an oracle on points of learning. Between him and the clergy, indeed, there was a strong religious and political sympathy. He was a zealous churchman, and, though he qualified himself for municipal office by taking the oaths to the sovereigns in possession, was to the last a Jacobite in heart. At his house, a house which is still pointed out to every traveller who visits Lichfield, Samuel was born on the 18th of September, 1709. In the child the physical, intellectual, and moral peculiarities which afterward distinguished the man were plainly discernible; great muscular strength accompanied by much awkwardness and many infirmities; great quickness of parts, with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination; a kind and generous heart, with a gloomy and irritable temper. He had inherited from his ancestors a scrofulous taint, which it was beyond the power of medicine to remove. His parents were weak enough to believe that the royal touch was a specific for this malady. In his third year he was taken up to London, inspected by the court surgeon, prayed over by the court chaplains, and stroked and presented with a piece of gold by Queen Anne. One of his earliest recollections was that of a stately lady in a diamond stomacher and a long black hood. Her hand was applied in vain. The boy's features, which were originally noble and not irregular, were distorted by

his malady. His cheeks were deeply scarred. He lost for a time the sight of one eye, and he saw but very imperfectly with the other. But the force of his mind overcame every impediment. Indolent as he was, he acquired knowledge with such ease and rapidity, that at every school to which he was sent he was soon the best scholar. From sixteen to eighteen he resided at home, and was left to his own devices. He learned much at this time, though his studies were without guidance and without plan. He ransacked his father's shelves, dipped into a multitude of books, read what was interesting and passed over what was dull. An ordinary lad would have acquired little or no useful knowledge in such a way; but much that was dull to ordinary lads was interesting to Samuel. He read little Greek; for his proficiency in that language was not such that he could take much pleasure in the masters of Attic poetry and eloquence. But he had left school a good Latinist, and he soon acquired, in the large and miscellaneous library of which he now had the command, an extensive knowledge of Latin literature. That Augustan delicacy of taste, which is the boast of the great public schools of England, he never possessed. But he was early familiar with some classical writers, who were quite unknown to the best scholars in the sixth form at Eton. He was peculiarly attracted by the great restorers of learning. Once, while searching for apples, he found a huge folio volume of Petrarch's works. The name excited his curiosity, and he eagerly devoured hundreds of pages. Indeed, the diction and versification of his own Latin compositions show that he had paid at least as much attention to modern copies from the antique as to the original models.

While he was thus irregularly educating himself, his family were sinking into hopeless poverty. Old Michael Johnson was much better qualified to pore upon books, and to talk about them, than to trade in them. His business declined: his debts increased: it was with difficulty that the daily expenses of his household were defrayed. It was out of his power to support his son at either

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university; but a wealthy neighbor offered assistance; and, in reliance on promises which proved to be of very little value, Samuel was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford. When the young scholar presented himself to the rulers of that society, they were amazed not more by his ungainly figure and eccentric manners than by the quantity of extensive and curious information which he had picked up during many months of desultory but not unprofitable study. On the first day of his residence he surprised his teachers by quoting Macrobius; and one of the most learned among them declared, that he had never known a freshman of equal attainments.

At Oxford, Johnson resided during about three years. He was poor even to raggedness; and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. He was driven from the quadrangle of Christ Church by the sneering looks which the members of that aristocratical society cast at the holes in his shoes. Some charitable person placed a new pair at his door; but he spurned them away in a fury. Distress made him, not servile, but reckless and ungovernable. No opulent gentleman commoner, panting for one-and-twenty, could have treated the academical authorities with more gross disrespect. The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, a gate now adorned with his effigy, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendancy. In every mutiny against the discipline of the college he was the ringleader. Much was pardoned, however, to a youth so highly distinguished by abilities and acquirements. He had early made himself known by turning Pope's Messiah into Latin verse. The style and rhythm, indeed, were not exactly Virgilian; but the translation found many admirers, and was read with pleasure by Pope himself.

The time drew near at which Johnson would, in the ordinary course of things, have become a Bachelor of Arts: but he was at the end of his resources. Those promises of support on which he had relied had not been kept. His family could do nothing for him. His debts to Oxford tradesmen were small indeed, yet larger than

he could pay. In the autumn of 1731, he was under the necessity of quitting the university without a degree. In the following winter his father died. The old man left but a pittance; and of that pittance almost the whole was appropriated to the support of his widow. The property to which Samuel succeeded amounted to no more than twenty pounds.

His life during the thirty years which followed was one hard struggle with poverty. The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought grounds sufficient for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner-table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town-clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In re-

ligion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection; for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium: they reached him refracted, dulled, and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul; and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him.

With such infirmities of body and of mind, this celebrated man was left, at two-and-twenty, to fight his way through the world. He remained during about five years in the midland counties. At Lichfield, his birth-place and his early home, he had inherited some friends and acquired others. He was kindly noticed by Henry Hervey, a gay officer of noble family, who happened to be quartered there. Gilbert Walmsley, registrar of the ecclesiastical court of the diocese, a man of distinguished parts, learning, and knowledge of the world, did himself honor by patronizing the young adventurer, whose repulsive person, unpolished manners, and squalid garb, moved many of the petty aristocracy of the neighborhood to laughter or to disgust. At Lichfield, however, Johnson could find no way of earning a livelihood. He became usher of a grammar-school in Leicestershire; he resided as a humble companion in the house of a country gentleman; but a life of dependence was insupportable to his haughty spirit. He repaired to Birmingham, and there earned a few guineas by literary drudgery. In that town he printed a translation, little noticed at the time, and long forgotten, of a Latin book about Abyssinia. He then put forth proposals for publishing by subscription the poems of Politian, with notes containing a history of modern Latin verse; but subscriptions did not come in; and the volume never appeared.

While leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators, the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colors, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces which were not exactly those of the Queensberrys and Lepels. To Johnson, however,

whose passions were strong, whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom, and who had seldom or never been in the same room with a woman of real fashion, his Titty, as he called her, was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration was unfeigned cannot be doubted; for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son. The marriage, however, in spite of occasional wranglings, proved happier than might have been expected. The lover continued to be under the illusions of the wedding-day till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year. On her monument he placed an inscription, extolling the charms of her person and of her manners; and when, long after her decease, he had occasion to mention her, he exclaimed, with a tenderness half ludicrous, half pathetic, "Pretty creature!"

His marriage made it necessary for him to exert himself more strenuously than he had hitherto done. He took a house in the neighborhood of his native town, and advertised for pupils. But eighteen months passed away; and only three pupils came to his academy. Indeed, his appearance was so strange, and his temper so violent, that his schoolroom must have resembled an ogre's den. Nor was the tawdry painted grandmother whom he called his Titty well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen. David Garrick, who was one of the pupils, used, many years later, to throw the best company of London into convulsions of laughter by mimicking the endearments of this extraordinary pair.

At length Johnson, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, determined to seek his fortune in the capital as a literary adventurer. He set out with a few guineas, three acts of the tragedy of Irene in manuscript, and two or three letters of introduction from his friend Walmsley.

Never since literature became a calling in England had it been a less gainful calling than at the time when Johnson took up his residence in London. In the preceding generation a writer of eminent merit was sure to be munificently rewarded by the government. The least that he could expect was a pension or a sinecure place; and, if he showed any aptitude for politics, he might

hope to be a member of parliament, a lord of the treasury, an ambassador, a secretary of state. It would be easy, on the other hand, to name several writers of the nineteenth century of whom the least successful has received forty thousand pounds from the booksellers. But Johnson entered on his vocation in the most dreary part of the dreary interval which separated two ages of prosperity. Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public. One man of letters, indeed, Pope, had acquired by his pen what was then considered as a handsome fortune, and lived on a footing of equality with nobles and ministers of state. But this was a solitary exception. Even an author whose reputation was established, and whose works were popular, such an author as Thomson, whose *Seasons* were in every library, such an author as Fielding, whose *Pasquin* had had a greater run than any drama since *The Beggar's Opera*, was sometimes glad to obtain, by pawning his best coat, the means of dining on tripe at a cookshop underground, where he could wipe his hands, after his greasy meal, on the back of a Newfoundland dog. It is easy, therefore, to imagine what humiliations and privations must have awaited the novice who had still to earn a name. One of the publishers to whom Johnson applied for employment measured with a scornful eye that athletic though uncouth frame, and exclaimed, "You had better get a porter's knot, and carry trunks." Nor was the advice bad, for a porter was likely to be as plentifully fed, and as comfortably lodged, as a poet.

Some time appears to have elapsed before Johnson was able to form any literary connection from which he could expect more than bread for the day which was passing over him. He never forgot the generosity with which Hervey, who was now residing in London, relieved his wants during this time of trial. "Harry Hervey," said the old philosopher many years later, "was a vicious man; but he was very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." At Hervey's table Johnson sometimes enjoyed feasts which were made more agreeable by contrast. But in general he dined, and thought that he dined well, on sixpenny worth of meat and a penny worth of bread at an alehouse near Drury Lane.

The effect of the privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and his deportment. His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. Being frequently under the necessity of wearing shabby coats and dirty shirts, he became a confirmed sloven. Being often very hungry when he sat down to his meals, he contracted a habit of eating with ravenous greediness. Even to the end of his life, and even at the tables of the great, the sight of food affected him as it affects wild beasts and birds of prey. His taste in cookery, formed in subterranean ordinaries and *Alamode* beefshops, was far from delicate. Whenever he was so fortunate as to have near him a hare that had been kept too long, or a meat pie made with rancid butter, he gorged himself with such violence that his veins swelled, and the moisture broke out on his forehead. The affronts which his poverty emboldened stupid and low-minded men to offer him would have broken a mean spirit into sycophancy, but made him rude even to ferocity. Unhappily the insolence which while it was defensive was pardonable, and in some sense respectable, accompanied him into societies where he was treated with courtesy and kindness. He was repeatedly provoked into striking those who had taken liberties with him. All the sufferers, however, were wise enough to abstain from talking about their beatings, except Osborne, the most rapacious and brutal of booksellers, who proclaimed everywhere that he had been knocked down by the huge fellow whom he had hired to puff the Harleian Library.

About a year after Johnson had begun to reside in London, he was fortunate enough to obtain regular employment from Cave, an enterprising and intelligent bookseller, who was proprietor and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. That journal, just entering on the ninth year of its long existence, was the only periodical work in the kingdom which then had what would now be called a large circulation. It was, indeed, the chief source of parliamentary intelligence. It was not then safe, even during a recess, to publish an account of the proceedings of either House without some disguise. Cave, however, ventured to entertain his readers with what he called *Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput*. France was Ble-



fused; London was Mildendo; pounds were sprugs; the Duke of Newcastle was the Nardac secretary of state; Lord Hardwicke was the Hurgo Hickrad; and William Pulteney was Wingul Pulnub. To write the speeches was, during several years, the business of Johnson. He was generally furnished with notes, meagre indeed, and inaccurate, of what had been said: but sometimes he had to find arguments and eloquence both for the ministry and for the opposition. He was himself a Tory, not from rational conviction—for his serious opinion was that one form of government was just as good or as bad as another—but from mere passion, such as inflamed the Capulets against the Montagues, or the Blues of the Roman circus against the Greens. In his infancy he had heard so much talk about the villanies of the Whigs, and the dangers of the Church, that he had become a furious partisan when he could scarcely speak. Before he was three he had insisted on being taken to hear Sacheverel preach at Lichfield cathedral, and had listened to the sermon with as much respect, and probably with as much intelligence, as any Staffordshire squire in the congregation. The work which had been begun in the nursery had been completed by the university. Oxford, when Johnson resided there, was the most Jacobitical place in England; and Pembroke was one of the most Jacobitical colleges in Oxford. The prejudices which he brought up to London were scarcely less absurd than those of his own Tom Tempest. Charles II. and James II. were two of the best kings that ever reigned. Laud—a poor creature who never did, said, or wrote anything indicating more than the ordinary capacity of an old woman—was a prodigy of parts and learning, over whose tomb Art and Genius still continued to weep. Hampden deserved no more honorable name than that of “the zealot of rebellion.” Even the ship-money, condemned not less decidedly by Falkland and Clarendon than by the bitterest Roundheads, Johnson would not pronounce to have been an unconstitutional impost. Under a government the mildest that had ever been known in the world—under a government which allowed to the people an unprecedented liberty of speech and action—he fancied that he was a slave; he assailed the ministry with obloquy which refuted itself,

and regretted the lost freedom and happiness of those golden days in which a writer who had taken but one-tenth part of the license allowed to him would have been pilloried, mangled with the shears, whipped at the cart's tail, and flung into a noisome dungeon to die. He hated dissenters and stock-jobbers, the excise and the army, septennial parliaments and continental connections. He long had an aversion to the Scotch—an aversion of which he could not remember the commencement, but which, he owned, had probably originated in his abhorrence of the conduct of the nation during the Great Rebellion. It is easy to guess in what manner debates on great party questions were likely to be reported by a man whose judgment was so much disordered by party spirit. A show of fairness was indeed necessary to the prosperity of the Magazine; but Johnson long afterward owned that, though he had saved appearances, he had taken care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it; and, in fact, every passage which has lived—every passage which bears the marks of his higher faculties—is put into the mouth of some member of the opposition.

A few weeks after Johnson had entered on these obscure labors, he published a work which at once placed him high among the writers of his age. It is probable that what he had suffered during his first year in London, had often reminded him of some parts of that noble poem in which Juvenal had described the misery and degradation of a needy man of letters, lodged among the pigeons' nests in the tottering garrets which overhung the streets of Rome. Pope's admirable imitations of Horace's Satires and Epistles had recently appeared, were in every hand, and were by many readers thought superior to the originals. What Pope had done for Horace, Johnson aspired to do for Juvenal. The enterprise was bold, and yet judicious. For between Johnson and Juvenal there was much in common—much more, certainly, than between Pope and Horace.

Johnson's London appeared without his name in May, 1738. He received only ten guineas for this stately and vigorous poem; but the sale was rapid and the success complete. A second edition was required within a week. Those small critics who are always desirous to lower established reputations ran

about proclaiming that the anonymous satirist was superior to Pope in Pope's own peculiar department of literature. It ought to be remembered, to the honor of Pope, that he joined heartily in the applause with which the appearance of a rival genius was welcomed. He made inquiries about the author of *London*. Such a man, he said, could not long be concealed. The name was soon discovered; and Pope, with great kindness, exerted himself to obtain an academical degree and the mastership of a grammar-school for the poor young poet. The attempt failed, and Johnson remained a bookseller's hack.

It does not appear that these two men—the most eminent writer of the generation which was going out, and the most eminent writer of the generation which was coming in—ever saw each other. They lived in very different circles—one surrounded by dukes and earls, the other by starving pamphleteers and index-makers. Among Johnson's associates at this time may be mentioned Boyse, who, when his shirts were pledged, scrawled Latin verses sitting up in bed with his arms through two holes in his blanket, who composed very respectable sacred poetry when he was sober, and who was at last run over by a hackney-coach when he was drunk; Hoole, surnamed the metaphysical tailor, who, instead of attending to his measures, used to trace geometrical diagrams on the board where he sat cross-legged; and the penitent impostor, George Psalmanazar, who, after poring all day, in a humble lodging, on the folios of Jewish rabbis and Christian fathers, indulged himself at night with literary and theological conversation at an alehouse in the city. But the most remarkable of the persons with whom at this time Johnson consorted, was Richard Savage, an earl's son, a shoemaker's apprentice, and who had seen life in all its forms—who had feasted among blue ribbons in Saint James' Square, and had lain with fifty pounds' weight of irons on his legs in the condemned ward of Newgate. This man had, after many vicissitudes of fortune, sunk at last into abject and hopeless poverty. His pen had failed him. His patrons had been taken away by death, or estranged by the riotous profusion with which he squandered their bounty, and the ungrateful insolence with which he rejected

their advice. He now lived by begging. He dined on venison and Champagne whenever he had been so fortunate as to borrow a guinea. If his questing had been unsuccessful, he appeased the rage of hunger with some scraps of broken meat, and lay down to rest under the piazza of Covent Garden in warm weather, and, in cold weather, as near as he could get to the furnace of a glass-house. Yet, in his misery, he was still an agreeable companion. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes about that gay and brilliant world from which he was now an outcast. He had observed the great men of both parties in hours of careless relaxation, had seen the leaders of opposition without the mask of patriotism, and had heard the prime minister roar with laughter and tell stories not over decent. During some months Savage lived in the closest familiarity with Johnson; and then the friends parted, not without tears. Johnson remained in London to drudge for Cave, Savage went to the west of England, lived there as he had lived everywhere, and, in 1743, died, penniless and heart-broken, in Bristol jail.

Soon after his death, while the public curiosity was strongly excited about his extraordinary character, and his not less extraordinary adventure, a life of him appeared widely different from the catchpenny lives of eminent men which were then a staple article of manufacture in Grab Street. The style was indeed deficient in ease and variety; and the writer was evidently too partial to the Latin element of our language. But the little work, with all its faults, was a masterpiece. No finer specimen of literary biography existed in any language, living or dead; and a discerning critic might have confidently predicted that the author was destined to be the founder of a new school of English eloquence.

The *Life of Savage* was anonymous; but it was well known in literary circles that Johnson was the writer. During the three years which followed, he produced no important work; but he was not, and indeed could not be, idle. The fame of his abilities and learning continued to grow. Warburton pronounced him a man of parts and genius; and the praise of Warburton was then no light thing. Such was Johnson's reputation that, in 1747, several eminent

booksellers combined to employ him in the arduous work of preparing a Dictionary of the English Language, in two folio volumes. The sum which they agreed to pay him was only fifteen hundred guineas; and out of this sum he had to pay several poor men of letters who assisted him in the humbler parts of his task.

The Prospectus of the Dictionary he addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. Chesterfield had long been celebrated for the politeness of his manners, the brilliancy of his wit, and the delicacy of his taste. He was acknowledged to be the finest speaker in the House of Lords. He had recently governed Ireland, at a momentous conjuncture, with eminent firmness, wisdom, and humanity; and he had since become Secretary of State. He received Johnson's homage with the most winning affability, and requited it with a few guineas, bestowed doubtless in a very graceful manner, but was by no means desirous to see all his carpets blackened with the London mud, and his soups and wines thrown to right and left over the gowns of fine ladies and the waistcoats of fine gentlemen, by an absent, awkward scholar, who gave strange starts and uttered strange growls, who dressed like a scarecrow, and ate like a cormorant. During some time Johnson continued to call on his patron, but, after being repeatedly told by the porter that his lordship was not at home, took the hint, and ceased to present himself at the inhospitable door.

Johnson had flattered himself that he should have completed his Dictionary by the end of 1750, but it was not till 1755 that he at length gave his huge volumes to the world. During the seven years which he passed in the drudgery of penning definitions and marking quotations for transcription, he sought for relaxation in literary labor of a more agreeable kind. In 1749 he published the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, an excellent imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. It is in truth not easy to say whether the palm belongs to the ancient or to the modern poet. The couplets in which the fall of Wolsey is described, though lofty and sonorous, are feeble when compared with the wonderful lines which bring before us all Rome in tumult on the day of the fall of Sejanus, the laurels on the door-posts, the white bull stalking toward the Capitol, the

statues rolling down from their pedestals, the flatterers of the disgraced minister running to see him dragged with a hook through the streets, and to have a kick at his carcass before it is hurled into the Tiber. It must be owned, too, that in the concluding passage the Christian moralist has not made the most of his advantages, and has fallen decidedly short of the sublimity of his pagan model. On the other hand, Juvenal's Hannibal must yield to Johnson's Charles; and Johnson's vigorous and pathetic enumeration of the miseries of a literary life must be allowed to be superior to Juvenal's lamentation over the fate of Demosthenes and Cicero.

For the copyright of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, Johnson received only fifteen guineas.

A few days after the publication of this poem, his tragedy, begun many years before, was brought on the stage. His pupil, David Garrick, had, in 1721, made his appearance on a humble stage in Goodman's Fields, had at once risen to the first place among actors, and was now, after several years of almost uninterrupted success, manager of Drury Lane Theatre. The relation between him and his old preceptor was of a very singular kind. They repelled each other strongly, and yet attracted each other strongly. Nature had made them of very different clay; and circumstances had fully brought out the natural peculiarities of both. Sudden prosperity had turned Garrick's head. Continued adversity had soured Johnson's temper. Johnson saw with more envy than became so great a man the villa, the plate, the china, the Brussels carpet, which the little mimic had got by repeating, with grimaces and gesticulations, what wiser men had written; and the exquisitely sensitive vanity of Garrick was galled by the thought that, while all the rest of the world was applauding him, he could obtain from one morose cynic, whose opinion it was impossible to despise, scarcely any compliment not acidulated with scorn. Yet the two Lichfield men had so many early recollections in common, and sympathized with each other on so many points on which they sympathized with nobody else in the vast population of the capital, that, though the master was often provoked by the monkey-like impertinence of the pupil, and the pupil by the

bearish rudeness of the master, they remained friends till they were parted by death. Garrick now brought *Irene* out, with alterations sufficient to displease the author, yet not sufficient to make the piece pleasing to the audience. The public, however, listened, with little emotion, but with much civility, to five acts of monotonous declamation. After nine representations the play was withdrawn. It is, indeed, altogether unsuited to the stage, and, even when perused in the closet, will be found hardly worthy of the author. He had not the slightest notion of what blank verse should be. A change in the last syllable of every other line would make the versification of the *Vanity of Human Wishes* closely resemble the versification of *Irene*. The poet, however, cleared, by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright of his tragedy, about three hundred pounds, then a great sum in his estimation.

About a year after the representation of *Irene*, he began to publish a series of short essays on morals, manners, and literature. This species of composition had been brought into fashion by the success of the *Tatler*, and by the still more brilliant success of the *Spectator*. A crowd of small writers had vainly attempted to rival Addison. The *Lay Monastery*, the *Censor*, the *Freethinker*, the *Plain Dealer*, the *Champion*, and other works of the same kind, had had their short day. None of them had obtained a permanent place in our literature; and they are now to be found only in the libraries of the curious. At length Johnson undertook the adventure in which so many aspirants had failed. In the thirty-sixth year after the appearance of the last number of the *Spectator* appeared the first number of the *Rambler*. From March 1750 to March 1752, this paper continued to come out every Tuesday and Saturday.

From the first the *Rambler* was enthusiastically admired by a few eminent men. Richardson, when only five numbers had appeared, pronounced it equal, if not superior, to the *Spectator*. Young and Hartley expressed their approbation not less warmly. Bubb Dodington, among whose many faults indifference to the claims of genius and learning cannot be reckoned, solicited the acquaintance of the writer. In consequence probably of the good offices of Dodington,

who was then the confidential adviser of Prince Frederic, two of his Royal Highness' gentlemen carried a gracious message to the printing-office, and ordered seven copies for Leicester house. But these overtures seem to have been very coldly received. Johnson had had enough of the patronage of the great to last him all his life, and was not disposed to haunt any other door as he had haunted the door of Chesterfield.

By the public the *Rambler* was at first very coldly received. Though the price of a number was only two-pence, the sale did not amount to five hundred. The profits were therefore very small. But as soon as the flying leaves were collected and reprinted, they became popular. The author lived to see thirteen thousand copies spread over England alone. Separate editions were published for the Scotch and Irish markets. A large party pronounced the style perfect, so absolutely perfect that in some essays it would be impossible for the writer himself to alter a single word for the better. Another party, not less numerous, vehemently accused him of having corrupted the purity of the English tongue. The best critics admitted that his diction was too monotonous, too obviously artificial, and now and then turgid even to absurdity. But they did justice to the acuteness of his observations on morals and manners, to the constant precision and frequent brilliancy of his language, to the weighty and magnificent eloquence of many serious passages, and to the solemn yet pleasing humor of some of the lighter papers. On the question of precedence between Addison and Johnson, a question which, seventy years ago, was much disputed, posterity has pronounced a decision from which there is no appeal. Sir Roger, his chaplain and his butler, Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb, the *Vision of Mirza*, the *Journal of the Retired Citizen*, the *Everlasting Club*, the *Dunmow Flitch*, the *Loves of Hilpah and Shalum*, the *Visit to the Exchange*, and the *Visit to the Abbey*, are known to everybody. But many men and women, even of highly cultivated minds, are unacquainted with *Squire Bluster* and *Mrs. Busy*, *Quisquilus* and *Venustulus*, the *Allegory of Wit and Learning*, the *Chronicle of the Revolutions of a Garret*, and the sad fate of *Aningait* and *Ajut*.

The last *Rambler* was written in a sad and gloomy hour. Mrs. Johnson had been given



over by the physicians. Three days later she died. She left her husband almost broken-hearted. Many people had been surprised to see a man of his genius and learning stooping to every drudgery, and denying himself almost every comfort, for the purpose of supplying a silly, affected old woman with superfluities, which she accepted with but little gratitude. But all his affection had been concentrated on her. He had neither brother nor sister, neither son nor daughter. To him she was beautiful as the Gunnings, and witty as Lady Mary. Her opinion of his writings was more important to him than the voice of the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, or the judgment of the Monthly Review. The chief support which had sustained him through the most arduous labor of his life was the hope that she would enjoy the fame and the profit which he anticipated from his Dictionary. She was gone; and, in that vast labyrinth of streets, peopled by eight hundred thousand human beings, he was alone. Yet it was necessary for him to set himself, as he expressed it, doggedly to work. After three more laborious years, the Dictionary was at length complete.

It had been generally supposed that this great work would be dedicated to the eloquent and accomplished nobleman to whom the Prospectus had been addressed. He well knew the value of such a compliment; and therefore, when the day of publication drew near, he exerted himself to soothe, by a show of zealous and at the same time of delicate and judicious kindness, the pride which he had so cruelly wounded. Since the *Ramblers* had ceased to appear, the town had been entertained by a journal called the *World*, to which many men of high rank and fashion contributed. In two successive numbers of the *World*, the Dictionary was, to use the modern phrase, puffed with wonderful skill. The writings of Johnson were warmly praised. It was proposed that he should be invested with the authority of Dictator, nay, of a Pope, over our language, and that his decisions about the meaning and the spelling of words should be received as final. His two folios, it was said, would of course be bought by every body who could afford to buy them. It was soon known that these papers were written by Chesterfield. But the just resentment of Johnson was not to be so appeased. In a letter written with

singular energy and dignity of thought and language, he repelled the tardy advances of his patron. The Dictionary came forth without a dedication. In the preface the author truly declared that he owed nothing to the great, and described the difficulties with which he had been left to struggle, so forcibly and pathetically that the ablest and most malevolent of all the enemies of his fame, Horne Tooke, never could read that passage without tears.

The public, on this occasion, did Johnson full justice, and something more than justice. The best lexicographer may well be content if his productions are received by the world with cold esteem. But Johnson's Dictionary was hailed with an enthusiasm such as no similar work has ever excited. It was indeed the first dictionary which could be read with pleasure. The definitions show so much acuteness of thought and command of language, and the passages quoted from poets, divines, and philosophers, are so skillfully selected, that a leisure hour may always be very agreeably spent in turning over the pages. The faults of the book resolve themselves, for the most part, into one great fault. Johnson was a wretched etymologist. He knew little or nothing of any Teutonic language except English, which indeed, as he wrote it, was scarcely a Teutonic language; and thus he was absolutely at the mercy of Junius and Skinner.

The Dictionary, though it raised Johnson's fame, added nothing to his pecuniary means. The fifteen hundred guineas which the booksellers had agreed to pay him had been advanced and spent before the last sheets issued from the press. It is painful to relate that, twice in the course of the year which followed the publication of this great work, he was arrested and carried to spunging-houses, and that he was twice indebted for his liberty to his excellent friend Richardson. It was still necessary for the man who had been formally saluted by the highest authority as Dictator of the English language to supply his wants by constant toil. He abridged his Dictionary. He proposed to bring out an edition of Shakespeare by subscription; and many subscribers sent in their names, and laid down their money; but he soon found the task so little to his taste that he turned to more attractive employments. He contributed many papers to a

new monthly journal, which was called the Literary Magazine. Few of these papers have much interest; but among them was the very best thing that he ever wrote, a masterpiece both of reasoning and of satirical pleasantry, the review of Jenyn's Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil.

In the spring of 1758 Johnson put forth the first of a series of essays, entitled *The Idler*. During two years these essays continued to appear weekly. They were eagerly read, widely circulated, and, indeed, impudently pirated while they were still in the original form, and had a large sale when collected into volumes. *The Idler* may be described as a second part of the *Rambler*, somewhat livelier and somewhat weaker than the first part.

While Johnson was busied with his *Idlers*, his mother, who had accomplished her ninetyeth year, died at Lichfield. It was long since he had seen her; but he had not failed to contribute largely out of his small means to her comfort. In order to defray the charges of her funeral, and to pay some debts which she had left, he wrote a little book in a single week, and sent off the sheets to the press without reading them over. A hundred pounds was paid him for the copy-right; and the purchasers had great cause to be pleased with their bargain; for the book was *Rasselas*.

The success of *Rasselas* was great, though such ladies as Miss Lydia Languish must have been grievously disappointed when they found that the new volume from the circulating library was little more than a dissertation on the author's favorite theme, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*; that the Prince of Abyssinia was without a mistress, and the Princess without a lover; and that the story set the hero and the heroine down exactly where it had taken them up. The style was the subject of much eager controversy. The *Monthly Review* and the *Critical Review* took different sides. Many readers pronounced the writer a pompous pedant, who would never use a word of two syllables where it was possible to use a word of six, and who could not make a waiting woman relate her adventures without balancing every noun with another noun, and every epithet with another epithet. Another party, not less zealous, cited with delight numerous passages in which weighty meaning was ex-

pressed with accuracy and illustrated with splendor. And both the censure and the praise were merited.

About the plan of *Rasselas* little was said by the critics; and yet the faults of the plan might seem to invite severe criticism. Johnson has frequently blamed Shakspeare for neglecting the proprieties of time and place, and for ascribing to one age or nation the manners and opinions of another. Yet Shakspeare has not sinned in this way more grievously than Johnson. *Rasselas* and *Imlac*, *Nekayah* and *Pekuah*, are evidently meant to be Abyssinians of the eighteenth century; for the Europe which *Imlac* describes is the Europe of the eighteenth century; and the inmates of the Happy Valley talk familiarly of that law of gravitation which Newton discovered, and which was not fully received even at Cambridge till the eighteenth century. What a real company of Abyssinians would have been may be learned from *Bruce's Travels*. But Johnson, not content with turning filthy savages, ignorant of their letters, and gorged with raw steaks cut from living cows, into philosophers as eloquent and enlightened as himself or his friend Burke, and into ladies as highly accomplished as Mrs. Lennox or Mrs. Sheridan, transferred the whole domestic system of England to Egypt. Into a land of harems, a land of polygamy, a land where women are married without ever being seen, he introduced the flirtations and jealousies of our ball-rooms. In a land where there is boundless liberty of divorce, wedlock is described as the indissoluble compact. "A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home, and dream of each other. Such," says *Rasselas*, "is the common process of marriage." Such it may have been, and may still be, in London, but assuredly not at Cairo. A writer who was guilty of such improprieties had little right to blame the poet who made Hector quote Aristotle, and represented *Julio Romano* as flourishing in the days of the oracle of Delphi.

By such exertions as have been described, Johnson supported himself till the year 1762. In that year a great change in his circumstances took place. He had from a child been an enemy of the reigning dynasty. His Jacobite prejudices had been exhibited

with little disguise both in his works and in his conversation. Even in his massy and elaborate Dictionary, he had, with a strange want of taste and judgment, inserted bitter and contumelious reflections on the Whig party. The excise, which was a favorite resource of Whig financiers, he had designated as a hateful tax. He had railed against the commissioners of excise in language so coarse that they had seriously thought of prosecuting him. He had with difficulty been prevented from holding up the Lord Privy Seal by name as an example of the meaning of the word "renegade." A pension he had defined as pay given to a state hireling to betray his country; a pensioner as a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey a master. It seemed unlikely that the author of these definitions would himself be pensioned. But that was a time of wonders. George the Third had ascended the throne; and had, in the course of a few months, disgusted many of the old friends and conciliated many of the old enemies of his house. The city was becoming mutinous. Oxford was becoming loyal. Cavendishes and Bentincks were murmuring. Somersets and Wyndhams were hastening to kiss hands. The head of the treasury was now Lord Bute, who was a Tory, and could have no objection to Johnson's Toryism. Bute wished to be thought a patron of men of letters; and Johnson was one of the most eminent and one of the most needy men of letters in Europe. A pension of three hundred a year was graciously offered, and with very little hesitation accepted.

This event produced a change in Johnson's whole way of life. For the first time since his boyhood he no longer felt the daily goad urging him to the daily toil. He was at liberty, after thirty years of anxiety and drudgery, to indulge his constitutional indolence, to lie in bed till two in the afternoon, and to sit up talking till four in the morning, without fearing either the printer's devil or the sheriff's officer.

One laborious task indeed he had bound himself to perform. He had received large subscriptions for his promised edition of Shakspeare; he had lived on those subscriptions during some years; and he could not without disgrace omit to perform his part of the contract. His friends repeatedly exhorted him to make an effort; and he re-

peatedly resolved to do so. But, notwithstanding their exhortations and his resolutions, month followed month, year followed year, and nothing was done. He prayed fervently against his idleness; he determined, as often as he received the sacrament, that he would no longer doze away and trifle away his time; but the spell under which he lay resisted prayer and sacrament. His private notes at this time are made up of self-reproaches. "My indolence," he wrote on Easter eve in 1764, "has sunk into grosser sluggishness. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year." Easter 1765 came, and found him still in the same state. "My time," he wrote, "has been unprofitably spent, and seems as a dream that has left nothing behind. My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me." Happily for his honor, the charm which held him captive was at length broken by no gentle or friendly hand. He had been weak enough to pay serious attention to a story about a ghost which haunted a house in Cock Lane, and had actually gone himself, with some of his friends, at one in the morning, to St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, in the hope of receiving a communication from the perturbed spirit. But the spirit, though adjured with all solemnity, remained obstinately silent; and it soon appeared that a naughty girl of eleven had been amusing herself by making fools of so many philosophers. Churchill, who, confident in his powers, drunk with popularity, and burning with party spirit, was looking for some man of established fame and Tory politics to insult, celebrated the Cock Lane Ghost in three cantos, nicknamed Johnson Pomposo, asked where the book was which had been so long promised and so liberally paid for, and directly accused the great moralist of cheating. This terrible word proved effectual; and in October, 1765, appeared, after a delay of nine years, the new edition of Shakspeare.

This publication saved Johnson's character for honesty, but added nothing to the fame of his abilities and learning. The preface, though it contains some good passages, is not in his best manner. The most valuable notes are those in which he had an opportunity of showing how attentively he had during many years observed human life

and human nature. The best specimen is the note on the character of Polonius. Nothing so good is to be found even in Wilhelm Meister's admirable examination of Hamlet. But here praise must end. It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic. The reader may turn over play after play without finding one happy conjectural emendation, or one ingenious and satisfactory explanation of a passage which had baffled preceding commentators. Johnson had, in his Prospectus, told the world that he was peculiarly fitted for the task which he had undertaken, because he had, as a lexicographer, been under the necessity of taking a wider view of the English language than any of his predecessors. That his knowledge of our literature was extensive is indisputable. But, unfortunately, he had altogether neglected that very part of our literature with which it is especially desirable that an editor of Shakspeare should be conversant. It is dangerous to assert a negative. Yet little will be risked by the assertion, that in the two folio volumes of the English Dictionary there is not a single passage quoted from any dramatist of the Elizabethan age, except Shakspeare and Ben. Even from Ben the quotations are few. Johnson might easily, in a few months, have made himself well acquainted with every old play that was extant. But it never seems to have occurred to him that this was a necessary preparation for the work which he had undertaken. He would doubtless have admitted that it would be the height of absurdity in a man who was not familiar with the works of Æschylus and Euripides to publish an edition of Sophocles. Yet he ventured to publish an edition of Shakspeare, without having ever in his life, as far as can be discovered, read a single scene of Massinger, Ford, Decker, Webster, Marlow, Beaumont, or Fletcher. His detractors were noisy and scurrilous. Those who most loved and honored him had little to say in praise of the manner in which he had discharged the duty of a commentator. He had, however, acquitted himself of a debt which had long lain heavy on his conscience, and he sank back into the repose from which the sting of satire had roused him. He long continued to live upon the fame which he had already won. He was honored by the University of Oxford with a

Doctor's degree, by the Royal Academy with a professorship, and by the King with an interview, in which his Majesty most graciously expressed a hope that so excellent a writer would not cease to write. In the interval, however, between 1765 and 1775 Johnson published only two or three political tracts, the longest of which he could have produced in forty-eight hours, if he had worked as he worked on the *Life of Savage* and on *Rasselas*.

But, though his pen was now idle, his tongue was active. The influence exercised by his conversation, directly upon those with whom he lived, and indirectly on the whole literary world, was altogether without a parallel. His colloquial talents were indeed of the highest order. He had strong sense, quick discernment, wit, humor, immense knowledge of literature and of life, and an infinite store of curious anecdotes. As respected style, he spoke far better than he wrote. Every sentence which dropped from his lips was as correct in structure as the most nicely balanced period of the Rambler. But in his talk there were no pompous triads, and little more than a fair proportion of words in *osity* and *ation*. All was simplicity, ease, and vigor. He uttered his short, weighty, and pointed sentences with a power of voice, and a justness and energy of emphasis, of which the effect was rather increased than diminished by the rollings of his huge form, and by the asthmatic gaspings and puffings in which the peals of his eloquence generally ended. Nor did the laziness which made him unwilling to sit down to his desk prevent him from giving instruction or entertainment orally. To discuss questions of taste, of learning, of casuistry, in language so exact and so forcible that it might have been printed without the alteration of a word, was to him no exertion but a pleasure. He loved, as he said, to fold his legs and have his talk out. He was ready to bestow the overflowings of his full mind on anybody who would start a subject, on a fellow-passenger in a stage-coach, or on the person who sat at the same table with him in an eating-house. But his conversation was nowhere so brilliant and striking as when he was surrounded by a few friends, whose abilities and knowledge enabled them, as he once expressed it, to send him back every ball that



he threw. Some of these, in 1764, formed themselves into a club, which gradually became a formidable power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook. Nor shall we think this strange when we consider what great and various talents and acquirements met in the little fraternity. Goldsmith was the representative of poetry and light literature, Reynolds of the arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist, of the age. Garrick brought to the meeting his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of stage effect. Among the most constant attendants were two high-born and high-bred gentlemen, closely bound together by friendship, but of widely different characters and habits: Bennet Langton, distinguished by his skill in Greek literature, by the orthodoxy of his opinions, and by the sanctity of his life; and Topham Beauclerk, renowned for his amours, his knowledge of the gay world, his fastidious taste, and his sarcastic wit. To predominate over such a society was not easy. Yet even over such a society Johnson predominated. Burke might indeed have disputed the supremacy to which others were under the necessity of submitting. But Burke, though not generally a very patient listener, was content to take the second part when Johnson was present; and the club itself, consisting of so many eminent men, is to this day popularly designated as Johnson's club.

Among the members of this celebrated body was one to whom it has owed the greater part of its celebrity, yet who was regarded with little respect by his brethren, and had not without difficulty obtained a seat among them. This was James Boswell, a young Scotch lawyer, heir to an honorable name and a fair estate. That he was a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous, was obvious to all who were acquainted with him. That he could not reason, that he had no wit, no humor, no eloquence, is apparent from his writings. And yet his writings are read beyond the

Mississippi, and under the Southern Cross, and are likely to be read as long as the English exists, either as a living or as a dead language. Nature had made him a slave and an idolater. His mind resembled those creepers which the botanists call parasites, and which can subsist only by clinging round the stems and imbibing the juices of stronger plants. He must have fastened himself on somebody. He might have fastened himself on Wilkes, and have become the fiercest patriot in the Bill of Rights Society. He might have fastened himself on Whitefield, and have become the loudest field preacher among the Calvinistic Methodists. In a happy hour he fastened himself on Johnson. The pair might seem ill matched. For Johnson had early been prejudiced against Boswell's country. To a man of Johnson's strong understanding and irritable temper, the silly egotism and adulation of Boswell must have been as teasing as the constant buzz of a fly. Johnson hated to be questioned; and Boswell was eternally catechizing him on all kinds of subjects, and sometimes propounded such questions as, "What would you do, Sir, if you were locked up in a tower with a baby?" Johnson was a water-drinker, and Boswell was a wine-bibber, and indeed little better than a habitual sot. It was impossible that there should be perfect harmony between two such companions. Indeed, the great man was sometimes provoked into fits of passion, in which he said things that the small man, during a few hours, seriously resented. Every quarrel, however, was soon made up. During twenty years the disciple continued to worship the master; the master continued to scold the disciple, to sneer at him, and to love him. The two friends ordinarily resided at a great distance from each other. Boswell practiced in the Parliament-House at Edinburgh, and could only pay occasional visits to London. During those visits his chief business was to watch Johnson, to discover all Johnson's habits, to turn the conversation to subjects about which Johnson was likely to say something remarkable, and to fill quarto-note books with minutes of what Johnson had said. In this way were gathered the materials out of which was afterward constructed the most interesting biographical work in the world.

Soon after the club began to exist, Johnson formed a connection less important indeed to his fame, but much more important to his happiness, than his connection with Boswell. Henry Thrale, one of the most opulent brewers in the kingdom, a man of sound and cultivated understanding, rigid principles, and liberal spirit, was married to one of those clever, kind-hearted, engaging, vain, pert young women, who are perpetually doing or saying what is not exactly right, but who, do or say what they may, are always agreeable. In 1765 the Thrales became acquainted with Johnson, and the acquaintance ripened fast into friendship. They were astonished and delighted by the brilliancy of his conversation. They were flattered by finding that a man so widely celebrated preferred their house to any other in London. Even the peculiarities which seemed to unfit him for civilized society, his gesticulations, his rollings, his puffings, his mutterings, the strange way in which he put on his clothes, the ravenous eagerness with which he devoured his dinner, his fits of melancholy, his fits of anger, his frequent rudeness, his occasional ferocity, increased the interest which his new associates took in him. For these things were the cruel marks left behind him by a life which had been one long conflict with disease and with adversity. In a vulgar hack writer, such oddities would have excited only disgust. But in a man of genius, learning, and virtue, their effect was to add pity to admiration and esteem. Johnson soon had an apartment at the brewery in Southwark, and a still more pleasant apartment at the villa of his friends on Streatham Common. A large part of every year he passed in those abodes, abodes which must have seemed magnificent and luxurious indeed, when compared with the dens in which he had generally been lodged. But his chief pleasures were derived from what the astronomer of his Abyssinian tale called "the endearing elegance of female friendship." Mrs. Thrale rallied him, soothed him, coaxed him, and, if she sometimes provoked him by her flippancy, made ample amends by listening to his reproofs with angelic sweetness of temper. When he was diseased in body and in mind, she was the most tender of nurses. No comfort that wealth could purchase, no contrivance that womanly ingenu-

ity, set to work by womanly compassion, could devise, was wanting to his sick room. He requited her kindness by an affection pure as the affection of a father, yet delicately tinged with a gallantry, which, though awkward, must have been more flattering than the attentions of a crowd of the fools who gloried in the names, now obsolete, of Buck and Maccaroni. It should seem that a full half of Johnson's life, during about sixteen years, was passed under the roof of the Thrales. He accompanied the family sometimes to Bath and sometimes to Brighton, once to Wales and once to Paris. But he had at the same time a house in one of the narrow and gloomy courts on the north of Fleet Street. In the garrets was his library, a large and miscellaneous collection of books, falling to pieces and begrimed with dust. On a lower floor he sometimes, but very rarely, regaled a friend with a plain dinner, a veal pie, or a leg of lamb and spinage, and a rice pudding. Nor was the dwelling uninhabited during his long absences. It was the home of the most extraordinary assemblage of inmates that ever was brought together. At the head of the establishment Johnson had placed an old lady named Williams, whose chief recommendations were her blindness and her poverty. But, in spite of her murmurs and reproaches, he gave an asylum to another lady who was as poor as herself, Mrs. Desmoulins, whose family he had known many years before in Staffordshire. Room was found for the daughter of Mrs. Desmoulins, and for another destitute damsel, who was generally addressed as Miss Carmichael, but whom her generous host called Polly. An old quack doctor named Levett, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper, completed this strange menagerie. All these poor creatures were at constant war with each other, and with Johnson's negro servant, Frank. Sometimes, indeed, they transferred their hostilities from the servant to the master, complained that a better table was not kept for them, and railed or maundered till their benefactor was glad to make his escape to Streatham, or to the Mitre Tavern. And yet he, who was generally the haughtiest and most irritable of man-

kind, who was but too prompt to resent any thing which looked like a slight on the part of a purse-proud bookseller, or of a noble and powerful patron, bore patiently from mendicants, who but for his bounty must have gone to the workhouse, insults more provoking than those for which he had knocked down Osborne and bidden defiance to Chesterfield. Year after year Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins, Polly and Levett, continued to torment him and to live upon him.

The course of life which has been described was interrupted in Johnson's sixty-fourth year by an important event. He had early read an account of the Hebrides, and had been much interested by learning that there was so near him a land peopled by a race which was still as rude and simple as in the Middle Ages. A wish to become intimately acquainted with a state of society so utterly unlike all that he had ever seen, frequently crossed his mind. But it is not probable that his curiosity would have overcome his habitual sluggishness, and his love of the smoke, the mud, and the cries of London, had not Boswell importuned him to attempt the adventure and offered to be his squire. At length, in August, 1773, Johnson crossed the Highland line, and plunged courageously into what was then considered, by most Englishmen, as a dreary and perilous wilderness. After wandering about two months through the Celtic region, sometimes in rude boats which did not protect him from the rain, and sometimes on small shaggy ponies which could hardly bear his weight, he returned to his old haunts with a mind full of new images and new theories. During the following year he employed himself in recording his adventures. About the beginning of 1775, his *Journey to the Hebrides* was published, and was, during some weeks, the chief subject of conversation in all circles in which any attention was paid to literature. The book is still read with pleasure. The narrative is entertaining; the speculations, whether sound or unsound, are always ingenious; and the style, though too stiff and pompous, is somewhat easier and more graceful than that of his early writings. His prejudice against the Scotch had at length become little more than matter of jest; and whatever remained of the old feeling had been effectually re-

moved by the kind and respectful hospitality with which he had been received in every part of Scotland. It was, of course, not to be expected that an Oxonian Tory should praise the Presbyterian polity and ritual, or that an eye accustomed to the hedgerows and parks of England should not be struck by the bareness of Berwickshire and East Lothian. But even in censure Johnson's tone is not unfriendly. The most enlightened Scotchmen, with Lord Mansfield at their head, were well pleased. But some foolish and ignorant Scotchmen were moved to anger by a little unpalatable truth which was mingled with much eulogy, and assailed him whom they chose to consider as the enemy of their country with libels much more dishonorable to their country than any thing that he had ever said or written. They published paragraphs in the newspapers, articles in the magazines, sixpenny pamphlets, five-shilling books. One scribbler abused Johnson for being blear-eyed; another for being a pensioner; a third informed the world that one of the Doctor's uncles had been convicted of felony in Scotland, and had found that there was in that country one tree capable of supporting the weight of an Englishman. Macpherson, whose *Fingal* had been proved in the *Journey* to be an impudent forgery, threatened to take vengeance with a cane. The only effect of this threat was that Johnson reiterated the charge of forgery in the most contemptuous terms, and walked about, during some time, with a cudgel, which, if the impostor had not been too wise to encounter it, would assuredly have descended upon him, to borrow the sublime language of his own epic poem, "like a hammer on the red son of the furnace."

Of other assailants Johnson took no notice whatever. He had early resolved never to be drawn into controversy; and he adhered to his resolution with a steadfastness which is the more extraordinary because he was, both intellectually and morally, of the stuff of which controversialists are made. In conversation he was a singularly eager, acute, and pertinacious disputant. When at a loss for good reasons, he had recourse to sophistry; and when heated by altercation, he made unsparing use of sarcasm and invective. But when he took his pen in his hand, his whole character seemed to be changed.

A hundred bad writers misrepresented him and reviled him; but not one of the hundred could boast of having been thought by him worthy of a refutation, or even of a retort. The Kenricks, Campbells, MacNichols, and Hendersons did their best to annoy him, in the hope that he would give them importance by answering them. But the reader will in vain search his works for any allusion to Kenrick or Campbell, to MacNichol or Henderson. One Scotchman, bent on vindicating the fame of Scotch learning, defied him to the combat in a detestable Latin hexameter.

“Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum.”

But Johnson took no notice of the challenge. He had learned, both from his own observation and from literary history, in which he was deeply read, that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed, not by what is written about them, but by what is written in them; and that an author whose works are likely to live is very unwise if he stoops to wrangle with detractors whose works are certain to die. He always maintained that fame was a shuttle-cock, which could be kept up only by being beaten back as well as beaten forward, and which would soon fall if there were only one battledore. No saying was oftener in his mouth than that fine apothegm of Bentley, that no man was ever written down but by himself.

Unhappily, a few months after the appearance of the *Journey to the Hebrides*, Johnson did what none of his envious assailants could have done, and, to a certain extent, succeeded in writing himself down. The disputes between England and her American colonies had reached a point at which no amicable adjustment was possible. Civil war was evidently impending; and the ministers seem to have thought that the eloquence of Johnson might, with advantage, be employed to inflame the nation against the opposition here, and against the rebels beyond the Atlantic. He had already written two or three tracts in defence of the foreign and domestic policy of the government; and those tracts, though hardly worthy of him, were much superior to the crowd of pamphlets which lay on the counters of Almon and Stockdale. But his *Taxation No Tyranny* was a pitiable failure. The very title was a silly phrase, which can have

been recommended to his choice by nothing but a jingling alliteration which he ought to have despised. The arguments were such as boys use in debating societies. The pleasantry was as awkward as the gambols of a hippopotamus. Even Boswell was forced to own that, in this unfortunate piece, he could detect no trace of his master's powers. The general opinion was, that the strong faculties which had produced the *Dictionary* and the *Rambler* were beginning to feel the effect of time and of disease, and that the old man would best consult his credit by writing no more.

But this was a great mistake. Johnson had failed, not because his mind was less vigorous than when he wrote *Rasselas* in the evenings of a week, but because he had foolishly chosen, or suffered others to choose for him, a subject such as he would at no time have been competent to treat. He was in no sense a statesman. He never willingly read, or thought, or talked about affairs of state. He loved biography, literary history, the history of manners; but political history was positively distasteful to him. The question at issue between the colonies and the mother country was a question about which he had really nothing to say. He failed, therefore, as the greatest men must fail when they attempt to do that for which they are unfit; as Burke would have failed if Burke had tried to write comedies like those of Sheridan; as Reynolds would have failed if Reynolds had tried to paint landscapes like those of Wilson. Happily, Johnson soon had an opportunity of proving most signally that his failure was not to be ascribed to intellectual decay.

On Easter eve, 1777, some persons, deputed by a meeting which consisted of forty of the first booksellers in London, called upon him. Though he had some scruples about doing business at that season, he received his visitors with much civility. They came to inform him that a new edition of the *English poets*, from Cowley downward, was in contemplation, and to ask him to furnish short biographical prefaces. He readily undertook the task, a task for which he was pre-eminently qualified. His knowledge of the literary history of England since the *Restoration* was unrivalled. That knowledge he had derived partly from books, and partly from sources which had long been closed;



from old Grub-street traditions; from the talk of forgotten poetasters and pamphleteers who had long been lying in parish vaults; from the recollections of such men as Gilbert Walmeley, who had conversed with the wits of Button; Cibber, who had mutilated the plays of two generations of dramatists; Orrery, who had been admitted to the society of Swift; and Savage, who had rendered services of no very honorable kind to Pope. The biographer, therefore, sat down to his task with a mind full of matter. He had at first intended to give only a paragraph to every minor poet, and only four or five pages to the greatest name. But the flood of anecdote and criticism overflowed the narrow channel. The work, which was originally meant to consist only of a few sheets, swelled into ten volumes—small volumes, it is true, and not closely printed. The first four appeared in 1779, the remaining six in 1781.

The *Lives of the Poets* are, on the whole, the best of Johnson's works. The narratives are as entertaining as any novel. The remarks on life and on human nature are eminently shrewd and profound. The criticisms are often excellent, and, even when grossly and provokingly unjust, well deserve to be studied; for, however erroneous they may be, they are never silly. They are the judgments of a mind trammelled by prejudice and deficient in sensibility, but vigorous and acute. They therefore generally contain a portion of valuable truth which deserves to be separated from the alloy; and, at the very worst, they mean something, a praise to which much of what is called criticism in our time has no pretensions.

Savage's *Life* Johnson reprinted nearly as it had appeared in 1744. Whoever, after reading that *Life*, will turn to the other *Lives*, will be struck by the difference of style. Since Johnson had been at ease in his circumstances, he had written little and had talked much. When, therefore, he, after the lapse of years, resumed his pen, the mannerism which he had contracted while he was in the constant habit of elaborate composition was less perceptible than formerly; and his diction frequently had a colloquial ease which it had formerly wanted. The improvement may be discerned by a skilful critic in the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and in the *Lives of the Poets* is so ob-

vious that it cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader.

Among the *Lives* the best are perhaps those of Cowley, Dryden, and Pope. The very worst is, beyond all doubt, that of Gray.

This great work at once became popular. There was, indeed, much just and much unjust censure: but even those who were loudest in blame were attracted by the book in spite of themselves. Malone computed the gains of the publishers at five or six thousand pounds. But the writer was very poorly remunerated. Intending at first to write very short prefaces, he had stipulated for only two hundred guineas. The booksellers, when they saw how far his performance had surpassed his promise, added only another hundred. Indeed, Johnson, though he did not despise or affect to despise money, and though his strong sense and long experience ought to have qualified him to protect his own interests, seems to have been singularly unskilful and unlucky in his literary bargains. He was generally reputed the first English writer of his time. Yet several writers of his time sold their copyrights for sums such as he never ventured to ask. To give a single instance, Robertson received four thousand five hundred pounds for the *History of Charles V.*; and it is no disrespect to the memory of Robertson to say that the *History of Charles V.* is both a less valuable and less amusing book than the *Lives of the Poets*.

Johnson was now in his seventy-second year. The infirmities of age were coming fast upon him. That inevitable event, of which he never thought without horror, was brought near to him; and his whole life was darkened by the shadow of death. He had often to pay the cruel price of longevity. Every year he lost what could never be replaced. The strange dependents to whom he had given shelter, and to whom, in spite of their faults, he was strongly attached by habit, dropped off one by one; and, in the silence of his home, he regretted even the noise of their scolding matches. The kind and generous Thrale was no more; and it would have been well if his wife had been laid beside him. But she survived to be the laughing-stock of those who had envied her, and to draw from the eyes of the old man who had loved her beyond any thing in the

world, tears far more bitter than he would have shed over her grave. With some estimable and many agreeable qualities, she was not made to be independent. The control of a mind more steadfast than her own was necessary to her respectability. While she was restrained by her husband, a man of sense and firmness, indulgent to her taste in trifles, but always the undisputed master of his house, her worst offences had been impertinent jokes, white lies, and short fits of pettishness ending in sunny good-humor. But he was gone; and she was left an opulent widow of forty, with strong sensibility, volatile fancy, and slender judgment. She soon fell in love with a music-master from Brescia, in whom nobody but herself could discover any thing to admire. Her pride, and perhaps some better feelings, struggled hard against this degrading passion. But the struggle irritated her nerves, soured her temper, and at length endangered her health. Conscious that her choice was one which Johnson could not approve, she became desirous to escape from his inspection. Her manner toward him changed. She was sometimes cold and sometimes petulant. She did not conceal her joy when he left Streatham; she never pressed him to return; and, if he came unbidden, she received him in a manner which convinced him that he was no longer a welcome guest. He took the very intelligible hints which she gave. He read, for the last time, a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library which had been formed by himself. In a solemn and tender prayer he commended the house and its inmates to the Divine protection, and, with emotions which choked his voice and convulsed his powerful frame, left forever that beloved home for the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street, where the few and evil days which still remained to him were to run out. Here, in June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke, from which, however, he recovered, and which does not appear to have at all impaired his intellectual faculties. But other maladies came thick upon him. His asthma tormented him day and night. Dropsical symptoms made their appearance. While sinking under a complication of diseases, he heard that the woman whose friendship had been the chief happiness of sixteen years of his life had married an Italian fiddler; that all London was cry-

ing shame upon her; and that the newspapers and magazines were filled with allusions to the Ephesian matron and the two pictures in Hamlet. He vehemently said that he would try to forget her existence. He never uttered her name. Every memorial of her which met his eye he flung into the fire. She, meanwhile, fled from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown, hastened across Mount Cenis, and learned, while passing a merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties at Milan, that the great man, with whose name hers is inseparably associated, had ceased to exist.

He had, in spite of much mental and much bodily affliction, clung vehemently to life. The feeling described in that fine but gloomy paper which closes the series of his *Idlers* seemed to grow stronger in him as his last hour drew near. He fancied that he should be able to draw his breath more easily in a southern climate, and would probably have set out for Rome and Naples but for his fear of the expense of the journey. That expense, indeed, he had the means of defraying; for he had laid up about two thousand pounds, the fruit of labors which had made the fortune of several publishers. But he was unwilling to break in upon this hoard, and he seems to have wished even to keep its existence a secret. Some of his friends hoped that the government might be induced to increase his pension to six hundred pounds a year, but this hope was disappointed, and he resolved to stand one English winter more. That winter was his last. His legs grew weaker; his breath grew shorter; the fatal water gathered fast, in spite of incisions which he, courageous against pain, but timid against death, urged his surgeons to make deeper and deeper. Though the tender care which had mitigated his sufferings during months of sickness at Streatham was withdrawn, he was not left desolate. The ablest physicians and surgeons attended him, and refused to accept fees from him. Burke parted from him with deep emotion. Wyndham sat much in the sick room, arranged the pillows, and sent his own servant to watch at night by the bed. Francis Burney, whom the old man had cherished with fatherly kindness, stood weeping at the door; while Langton, whose piety eminently qualified him to be an adviser and comforter at

such a time, received the last pressure of his friend's hand within. When at length the moment, dreaded through so many years, came close, the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which lies beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God, and of the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid, a week later, in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian—Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior, and Addison.

Since his death the popularity of his works—the *Lives of the Poets*, and, perhaps, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, excepted—has greatly diminished. His Dictionary has been altered by editors till it can scarcely be called his. An allusion to his *Rambler* or his *Idler* is not readily apprehended in liter-

ary circles. The fame even of *Rasselas* has grown somewhat dim. But though the celebrity of the writings may have declined, the celebrity of the writer, strange to say, is as great as ever. Boswell's book has done for him more than the best of his own books could do. The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works. But the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive. The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans. No human being who has ever been more than seventy years in the grave is so well known to us. And it is but just to say that our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the aufractuosities of his intellect and of his temper, serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and a good man.

**LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.**—*Editor of the Living Age:* I notice in your No. 659 for January 10th, on page 119, the following paragraph:

"An English mechanician has invented an instrument for accurately determining both latitude and longitude, without the assistance of a chronometer, and without lunar observations—an observation of the sun, only, being required."

Now, sir, as in several well-known instances, "*English mechanicians*" have been brought to contest with our own countrymen the honors of useful inventions, you may have stated a fact in the above, about which, knowing nothing, I ought not to write a word. But I am inclined to think that you have been misled to give the credit of an admirable invention, in this case, to the wrong person; or rather to take it from the right one. Three years ago, Mr. Amos Abbott, an American, then the city missionary in Portsmouth, N. H., showed me his "*horometer*," an instrument for ascertaining the latitude and longitude without observations, for which he had then procured a patent. It had been tried by one or two shipmasters, and found to be entirely successful; and, had Mr. Abbott been able to command the capital necessary for introducing his invention, I venture to say that, by this time, the *horometer* would have been in general use. Its perfect simplicity, enabling any one who can read the figures of the *Nautical Almanac*, and make easy calculations under the four rules,—I think nothing

further was required,—would have commended it to every owner and master. I have not met Mr. Abbott since, and have no interest whatever in begging you, for "*English mechanician*," to read "*Amos Abbott, an American*," except to have the honor given to whom it is due. And also to call attention to a most valuable invention, languishing for want of capital. In your late story, "*My Brother Robert*," I seemed to read this inventor's experience,—though not of his ever hopeful and trusting character,—and I thought that any one of capital, who might be moved by that fiction to deplore the sorrows of inventors, might find a living instance in which he could lighten them, in Mr. Amos Abbott, the inventor of the "*horometer*."

I believe that Mr. Abbott is now in Andover, preparing to go out again, as missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. to Ahmednugger, India. But I am sure that the Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Portsmouth, would answer inquiries about him.

Respectfully yours,

Augusta, Me., 21 Feb.

W. E. A.

**RED SEA AND MEDITERRANEAN.**—Sir John Richardson, at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, stated that a small fish resembling a carp had been found in a marsh in the Red Sea, and near the supposed site of Sodom. There could be no doubt that this little fish had come out of the Red Sea; and, as there were similar fishes in the Mediterranean Sea, the theory that those two seas were once connected was thus confirmed.

*Songs and Ballads.* By Sidney Dyer. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co."

THIS volume contains a collection of original songs of more than ordinary merit. Many of the pieces were written to be sung, and have attained much popularity. We give three specimens of Mr. Dyer's abilities:

"THOSE BYGONE DAYS.

"Those bygone days, those bygone days,  
How tenderly their memory plays  
Around the heart, awaking tears  
For those beloved in other years;  
Each passing hour has left a trace  
No flight of time can e'er erase.

"Those bygone days, those bygone days,  
Their memory still the spirit sways,  
As slumbering scenes revive again  
Each hour of joy or thrill of pain;  
No waste of time nor years' decay,  
Will bear them from the heart away.

"Those bygone days, those bygone days,  
All else may change as time decays;  
But from the heart can ne'er remove  
The memories of our early love.  
Each ebbing year, or added care,  
But leaves them deeper, greener there."

"MY FATHER IS HERE.

"In the hush of the evening, alone,  
A mother sat watching her child,  
When a light o'er its fair features shone,  
And its lips in soft murmurings smiled;  
She listens to catch every sigh,  
And joy takes the place of a tear,  
For it talks of the angels on high,  
And whispers, My Father is here,  
My Father is here!

"And her heart grew so calm and serene,  
As she gazed on the vacant old chair,  
Where so often the loved one was seen,  
For she knew that his spirit was there.  
Then she pressed the soft lips of her child,  
And felt that an angel was near,  
For it woke to her pressure and smiled,  
And whispered, My Father is here,  
My Father is here!"

"I NEVER FORGET.

"Do not chide, if fond affection  
Lingers still when hope is past;  
Weeping tears of deep dejection  
Where the wrecks of joy are cast.  
Can the heart thus rudely sever  
Dearest ties without regret?  
Call it weakness—yet forever  
I must love—I ne'er forget.

"Well I know that vows were broken—  
Know that truth was cast away;  
That to me it was a token  
Hope could shed no cheering ray.  
Still my heart will fondly cherish  
That dear name as sacred yet;  
Call it madness—if I perish,  
I must love—I ne'er forget."

—*Boston Transcript.*

*Poems*, by Lydia L. A. Very. Andover: W. F. Draper.

THESE poems have somewhat of the spiritual and the sweetness of expression which belong to the works of her brother, Jones Very, author of some of the very finest sonnets in the English language—a language which contains but few fine sonnets. That we do not commend Miss Very's poetry without due warrant, the following will witness:

"DEATH AND THE MOTHER.

"Death to the mother said,  
'Thou can'st not keep the baby still, let me!  
Thou mark'st with pain his gasping, feverish  
breath;

With one long kiss I set it free,  
And on his brow the signet write  
Of immortality!  
Oft thou dost strive to lay  
In smoothness down his golden hair; let me!  
Smother, beneath thy touch, 'twill never  
be—

Nor look more bright and fair!  
Nay, weep not, that his toilet I would make,  
Closing like violet up his eyes of blue;  
For know'st thou not, earth-flowers as frail  
as this

Were better closed against life's chilling dew!  
The sheet no more thou'lt fold,  
Above his dimpled limbs over and o'er;  
So statue-like, inanimate, and cold,  
They will lie bare no more!  
The form that holds thy baby to His breast  
Thou wilt not look to see!

Nor hear'st the soft voice breaking through  
his rest,

"Suffer the little one to come to Me!"  
Else thou and I would soon be reconciled.

No more thy tears would flow—  
But thou would'st bless me that I bear thy  
child

Forth from a life of woe  
To One unbiassed by a mother's love  
Or mother's fears, to bring him up!  
Perchance to aid thee when thou goest above!  
Then push me from thee still, the sweet, sad  
cup!" —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE CONVALESCENT TO THE PHYSICIAN.

A SONNET BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

FRIEND, by whose cancelling hand did fate for-  
give

Her debtor, and rescribe her stern award,—  
O, with that happier light wherein I live  
May all thine after-years be sunned and  
starred!

May God, to whom my daily bliss I give  
In tribute, add it to thy day's reward,  
And mine uncurrent joy may'st thou receive  
Celestial sterling! Ay, and thou shalt thrive  
Even by my vanished woes: for as the sea  
Renders its griefs to heaven, which fall in rains  
Of sweeter plenty on the happy plains,  
So have my tears exhaled; and may it be,  
That from the favoring skies my lifted pains  
Descend, O friend, in blessings upon thee!

—*National Magazine.*



*The Legend of the Wandering Jew.* Illustrated by Gustav Doré. *Poem, with Prologue and Epilogue.* By Pierre Dupont.—*Bibliographical Notice by Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob); with the Complaint and Béranger's Ballad, set to Music by Ernest Doré.* Translated, with Critical Remarks, by George W. Thornbury, Author of "Art and Nature at Home and Abroad." Addey and Co.

THIS volume is remarkable, we believe, as an issue of the largest and most effective wood-cut plates that have been produced in recent times. The engravers hope to raise the art of wood-cutting to something like its old importance as a means of dispersing widely works of art among the people.

They have set out with a popular legend of the most familiar description, and one that admits of being illustrated by pictures of a bold and striking class. M. Gustav Doré, the illustrator of Rabelais, is the illustrator of this wild story, and displays assuredly no lack of boldness. We admire his pictures without liking them. The genius employed upon the work is manifest, but a coarse ugliness of feature in the persons drawn is not at all times evidence of vigorous conception, and it is not every extravagance in design here offered to our enjoyment that is to be accepted as true Rabelaisian humor, even if the style of Rabelais were suited to the legend of the impious Jew, as certainly it is not. There is no humor in representing naughty boys before the hour of execution swarming the crosses on Mount Calvary, and a French poodle barking at the Saviour, while with an angry face he condemns the Jew to wander. The picture, again, of the Day of Judgment is a mass of extravagant impertinences. It needs but little wit, and that of a poor quality, to represent pea-coats and horn-buttons on the bodies of men risen, with giraffes and hippopotamuses, from the grave; or to exhibit demons pulling at men's legs, and stretching them as if they were limbs of India-rubber. There is a whale or a colossal shrimp—it may be either or neither—going up to heaven; and a knight travels the same road with his weapon daintily tucked under his arm.

All this is in the worst taste, nevertheless there is more to admire than to condemn in the designs; some of them are full of supernatural expression, and in most the figures

of the passage to the cross, which haunt the Jew in what he sees of cloud, or rock, or sea, are well introduced, though they are apt now and then to remind us of the old "Napoleon at St. Helena Puzzle." The seventh of the pictures has the spirit of the rest in it, and is the best of the whole series. It is full of grotesque effects, but the grotesque is put to its right use. In a Swiss valley the Jew would rest. It becomes spectral to his imagination; he again sees the horrible procession in the trees, and a white angel (who is shown flashing out boldly from the darkest shadows of the picture) drives him forward on his path.

The literary illustrations appertaining to the plates have been translated pleasantly by Mr. Thornbury, under whose care this English edition of the (very) French work is produced.—*Examiner.*

#### DORE'S WANDERING JEW.

EVERY ONE to whom the name of Gustav Doré is yet new will hail in these designs the advent of an extraordinary artist. To many, however, he is already familiarized by illustrations to Rabelais of a rollicking horse-play humor genuinely Rabelaisian; by the designs, full of chivalry and wizardry, to the Provençal romance published here as "Jaufray the Knight and the Fair Brunissende;" and by occasional contributions to the illustrated newspapers. In the Paris Exhibition of 1855 we recollect a large picture from his hand of the Battle of the Alma, with plenty of crowd and shoek in it.

Doré is an abnormal artist. He will not only not conform to the established standard because it is established, but he delights in defying it; he insists upon being eccentric and extravagant as well as original. He pushes every thing to its utmost limit—effect, horror, couleur locale, crowd, motion. The essence of his art is grotesque imagination, expressed with a daring to correspond. This, which is his strength, is also his betraying danger. There is no strain in Doré's imagination; every thing comes to him naturally and vividly: but there is perpetual strain in its expression. To represent every thing at its intensest pitch must be exaggeration, and pervading exaggeration is vulgarity. We do not speak of what is ordinarily termed coarseness, nor of the grotesqueness of the invention or the personages. The

former is not frequent nor excessive, and the latter is both essential in M. Doré's case and a good thing in itself. We speak of the feeling that enough is *not* as good as a feast; the artist surfeits, and gives the beholder a surfeit as well. Another misfortune is, that M. Doré, contrary to the want of his countrymen, is a child at drawing, properly so called. He can conjure up a magical effect, and his admirable sense of life, both in figure and landscape, carries him in a canter through many things which plodding correctness would bungle at forever: still, the deficiency is very conspicuous and very injurious. From a sea-wave to a tree, or a toad to an angel, there is no structure in M. Doré's forms. In the larger and more elaborate, there is so much to be represented that a good deal must of necessity be given better or worse; but the smaller forms, where delicate making should supply the place of visible quantity, are mere lumps. However, the human figures in the Wandering Jew are certainly an advance on those of Jaufry and Brunissende. And all defects are condoned where genius is so unmistakably present. Few things can be more impressive than Doré's designs; he holds you spell-bound while you look.

In style, the artist bases himself on the fulness, audacity, and nerve of Delacroix. His effects, and often his types of figure, are Rembrandtish; and there is a spice also of the quaintness of Durer; all of course fused in Doré's own originality.

These wood-cut illustrations of the legend of the Wandering Jew are due to an essay on the part of the engravers, Messrs. Jahyer, Rouget, and Gauchard, to revive the great scale and vigorous manner of wood-cutting about the Durer period. Each plate is something like a foot and a third in height; and the skill, strength, and finish of execution, combined with the size, render them perhaps the most remarkable things ever produced in this branch of engraving.

The first plate represents the sin and sentence of the Jew. He stands working at his shoemaking craft upon a boot, under the shop-sign, which, in true grotesque spirit, is just a French shop-sign, of our own day, lettered—"A la Botte Judaïque, par Laquedem," with something about "du vieux et du neuf." In his hardheartedness he has told Christ to "get on" upon his way to

Calvary; and the Saviour, turning round, denounces the doom—"I go, but you shall tarry until I return." This figure is very deficient in elevation. The design swarms with brutalized, bloated Jewish faces, the tag-rag and bob-tail of a regular Tyburn procession 1800 years ago. The crowd presses in the wake of the condemned up the steep of Calvary, and young reprobates are climbing the crosses at its top. In the second plate, centuries have already passed, and the Jew is still on his ceaseless journey. His hand, here and elsewhere, grasps hard the money-bag, with its inexhaustible five sous—a symbol probably of Hebrew avarice. The ground is sodden and the sky drenched with rain: he passes a roadside crucifix with dreadful thoughts. The sky, with its oblique drift of rain and lurid openings, as well as some other features of the background, are the fine thing here: the rest is a striking piece of black gleamy effect, but of little worth otherwise. Plate III. is the Jew's legendary arrival, in the year 1774, at "Bruxelles en Brabant," as recorded in the "*Plainte du Juif Errant*." A brace of obtuse pompous citizens accost the old man, wondering at the immense fleece of a beard the end of which a mule churns in his mouth, as if it were a wisp of hay; a solemn circle of geese closes round; the street children peer; the old clothesman grins; the antique burgher guard, passing up a black alley, pause to look. The old street is a wonderful piece of design and effect. Its quaint Gothic corner-effigies thrill at the strange presence. The horns of a devil surmounting the central house seem to writhe, and a miniature angel has come down from its niche to prick on the wretched Jew to his penance. It is the real inexorable angel who points him forward in the next plate. The gossips huddle round him at a tavern-door, ranting for him to stay, pushing him back, tempting him with their "*pôt de beire fraîche*": a dog howls frightfully in chorus. It is all of no use: he is in torment till he gets on the accursed journey again. The Jew here is very fine: his despairing, itching eagerness to be off, when it were paradise might he but rest for even half an hour—the preternatural strength and determination in his feeble frame—are perfect. Indeed, in both this plate and the last, the figures generally show little of the artist's

wanted deficiencies. Now the Jew fords a river, its black-wooded banks castellated with feudal ruins, which gleam in twilight with strange fitfulness and visionary gray: the eddy beneath his charmed footstep takes shape of the Saviour fallen under his cruel cross, and the jeering, smiting executioners—Now he is in a modern French churchyard by the fire of early dawn: the same vision haunts him in him in his own shadow, and hurtles in the clouds; death is all round him; the bells are tolling for another grave; but there is none for him—Now he is in a mountain-gorge: the scattered pines are alive with the same vision, and threaten him with their scraggy arms; the white denouncing angel, shining against the blackness, hovers over a roaring torrent—Now in a snowy alpine pass: but the rocks sculpture themselves still into that vision; their peaks become saint and martyr; his own double frowns upon him; the mountain crucifix unnails its arms to denounce him—Now in a shipwreck: the insatiable rage of the sea has dashed the ship like a pebble against the rocks; her cordage and anchor fly madly about; a sea-monster swallows at a gulp one of the broken masts with its half-dozen of shrieking clinging wretches; other heads of the crew rise and fall with the engulfing billow, their eyes riveted upon the Jew, who, like Peter of old, walks from wave-crest to crest. Here, too, the vision pursues him in the clouds: "You shall tarry until I return." The swing, and rush, and heave of the sea, the torn and writhing surf bounding and clanging up the cliffs, are here truly astonishing. The repetition of the one vision, too, throughout so many designs and in so many forms, is very impressive; its monotony not chargeable, we think, to any poverty of invention, but to a right perception of the subject, and of the power of iteration. In another instance Laque-dem stands invulnerable amid a mediæval fortress-siege and battle, upon whose incidents M. Doré has lavished all the wealth of atrocity which a fertile imagination could suggest. Two trunkless heads still glare and clench their teeth; two lopped-off arms still gripe the swords; two hearts still

smoke with hatred. A man, armless and legless, fights with sword between teeth; the upper half of a cross-bowman still plies the bolts, while runnels of his blood clot round him; a miserable wretch has his head stuck with seven arrows; a head-and-arms seems to be walking by itself. The intertangled confusion of the main battle is very grand, with the sword-blades glancing white like needles; and the fortress, though exaggerated, is a very effective piece of mediævalism; but the horrors of the foreground pall and disgust. Last scene but one—The Jew threads his way amid the untrodden forests perhaps of undiscovered America, and through a legion of all things deadly—crocodile, boa, monstrous toad, nameless lizard, and lion. A hippopotamus snorts at him; an elephant protrudes tusks and proboscis through the close palm trunks. The lion starts to see, but will not grapple him; the boa wags a fiery tongue, but will not strike. At last it is the Day of Judgment; at last he sinks back to rest his aching spine against a stone, as the angel blows the trumpet of deliverance right into his ear. A delirious smile contends with utter exhaustion upon his features. The old, old boots, which have walked their millions of miles, the rags of black stockings come off; the poor, old, cramped, travel-sore feet are bare, never to journey again. Hell-flames glare up from a cleft in the ground; the multitudes of quick and dead, intermixed with elephant and cameleopard, loom through the blackness; one fellow straddles in his pea-coat, and keeps his hat on, in perfect stupidity or impenetrable depravity; bones come together, devils flay and tear; a host of angels flicker in the rays darted from a flood of light. The Jew wanders no more forever.

The letter-press of this most striking volume includes a summary of the legend of the Wandering Jew; rapid but picturesque critiques on the plates by Mr. Thornbury; and a "poem" of excessive silliness, written in description of them by M. Pierre Dupont, and translated also by Mr. Thornbury,—an unaccountable waste of time.—*Spectator*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

# THE SAD FORTUNES OF THE REVEREND AMOS BARTON.

## PART I.—CHAPTER I.

SHEPPERTON CHURCH was a very different-looking building five-and-twenty years ago. To be sure, its substantial stone tower looks at you through its intelligent eye, the clock, with the friendly expression of former days; but in every thing else what changes! Now, there is a wide span of slated roof flanking the old steeple; the windows are tall and symmetrical; the outer doors are resplendent with oak-graining, the inner doors reverentially noiseless with a garment of red baize; and the walls, you are convinced, no lichen will ever again effect a settlement on—they are smooth and innutrient as the summit of the Rev. Amos Barton's head, after ten years of baldness and supererogatory soap. Pass through the baize doors and you will see the nave filled with well-shaped benches, understood to be free seats; while in certain eligible corners, less directly under the fire of the clergeman's eye, there are pews reserved for the Shepperton gentility. Ample galleries are supported on iron pillars, and in one of them stands the crowning glory, the very clasp or aigrette of Shepperton church-adornment—namely, an organ, not very much out of repair, on which a collector of small rents, differentiated by the force of circumstances into an organist, will accompany the alacrity of your departure after the blessing, by a sacred minuet or an easy "Gloria."

Immense improvement! says the well-regulated mind, which unintermittingly rejoices in the New Police, the Tithe Commutation Act, the penny-post, and all guarantees of human advancement, and has no moments when conservative-reforming intellect takes a nap, while imagination does a little Toryism by the sly, revelling in regret that dear, old, brown, crumbling, picturesque inefficiency is everywhere giving place to spick-and-span, new-painted, new-varnished efficiency, which will yield endless diagrams, plans, elevations, and sections, but alas! no picture. Mine, I fear, is not a well-regulated mind: it has an occasional tenderness for old abuses; it lingers with a certain fondness over the days of nasal clerks and topbooted parsons, and has a sigh for the departed shades of vulgar errors. So it is not surprising that I recall

with a fond sadness Shepperton church as it was in the old days, with its outer coat of rough stucco, its red-tiled roof, its heterogeneous windows patched with desultory bits of painted glass, and its little flight of steps with their wooden rail running up the outer wall, and leading to the school-children's gallery.

Then inside, what dear old quaintnesses! which I began to look at with delight even when I was so crude a member of the congregation that my nurse found it necessary to provide for the reinforcement of my devotional patience by smuggling bread-and-butter into the sacred edifice. There was the chancel, guarded by two little cherubims looking uncomfortably squeezed between arch and wall, and adorned with escutcheons of the Oldinport family, which showed me inexhaustible possibilities of meaning in their blood-red hands, their death's-heads and cross-bones, their leopards' paws, and Maltese crosses. There were inscriptions on the panels of the singing-gallery, telling of benefactions to the poor of Shepperton, with an involuted elegance of capitals and final flourishes, which my alphabetic erudition traced with ever-new delight. No benches in those days; but huge roomy pews, round which devout church-goers sat during "lessons," trying to look anywhere else than into each other's eyes. No low partitions allowing you, with a dreary absence of contrast and mystery, to see every thing at all moments; but tall dark panels, under whose shadow I sank with a sense of retirement through the Litany, only to feel with more intensity my burst into the conspicuousness of public life when I was made to stand up on the seat during the psalms or the singing.

And the singing was no mechanical affair of official routine; it had a drama. As the moment of psalmody approached, by some process to me as mysterious and untraceable as the opening of the flowers or the breaking-out of the stars, a slate appeared in front of the gallery, advertising in bold characters the psalm about to be sung, lest the sonorous announcement of the clerk should still leave the bucolic mind in doubt on that head. Then followed the migration of the clerk to the gallery, where, in company with a bassoon, two key-bugles, a carpenter understood to have an amazing power of singing "counter," and two lesser musi-



cal stars, he formed the complement of a choir regarded in Shepperton as one of distinguished attraction, occasionally known to draw hearers from the next parish. The innovation of hymn-books was as yet undreamed of; even the New Version was regarded with a sort of melancholy tolerance, as part of the common degeneracy in a time when prices had dwindled, and a cotton gown was no longer stout enough to last a lifetime; for the lyrical taste of the best heads in Shepperton had been formed on Sternhold and Hopkins. But the greatest triumphs in the Shepperton choir were reserved for the Sundays when the slate announced an Anthem, with a dignified abstinence from particularization, both words and music lying far beyond the reach of the most ambitious amateur in the congregation: an anthem in which the key-bugles always ran away at a great pace, while the bassoon every now and then boomed a flying shot after them.

As for the clergyman, Mr. Gilfil, an excellent old gentleman, who smoked very long pipes and preached very short sermons, I must not speak of him, or I might be tempted to tell the story of his life, which had its little romance, as most lives have between the ages of teetotum and tobacco. And at present I am concerned with quite another sort of clergymen—the Rev. Amos Barton, who had not come to Shepperton until long after Mr. Gilfil had departed this life—until after an interval in which Evangelicalism and the Catholic Question had begun to agitate the rustic mind with controversial debates. A Popish blacksmith had produced a strong Protestant reaction by declaring that, as soon as the Emancipation Bill was passed, he should do a great stroke of business in gridirons; and the disinclination of the Shepperton parishoners generally to dim the unique glory of St. Lawrence rendered the Church and Constitution an affair of their business and bosoms. A zealous evangelical preacher had made the old sounding-board vibrate with quite a different sort of elocution from Mr. Gilfil's; the hymn-book had almost superseded the Old and New Versions; and the great square pews were crowded with new faces from distant corners of the parish,—perhaps from dissenting chapels.

You are not imagining, I hope, that Amos

Barton was the incumbent of Shepperton. He was no such thing. Those were days when a man could hold three small livings, starve a curate a-piece on two of them, and live badly himself on the third. It was so with the Vicar of Shepperton; a vicar given to bricks and mortar, and thereby running into debt far away in a northern county—who executed his vicarial functions towards Shepperton by pocketing the sum of thirty-five pounds ten per annum, the net surplus remaining to him from the proceeds of that living,\* after the disbursement of eighty pounds as the annual stipend of his curate. And now, pray, can you solve me the following problem? Given a man with a wife and six children: let him be obliged always to exhibit himself when outside his own door in a suit of black broadcloth, such as will not undermine the foundations of the Establishment by a paltry plebeian glossiness or an unseemly whiteness at the edges; in a snowy cravat, which is a serious investment of labor in the hemming, starching, and ironing departments; and in a hat which shows no symptom of taking to the hideous doctrine of expediency, and shaping itself according to circumstances; let him have a parish large enough to create an external necessity for abundant shoe-leather, and an internal necessity for abundant beef and mutton, as well as poor enough to require frequent priestly consolation in the shape of shillings and sixpences; and, lastly, let him be compelled, by his own pride and other people's, to dress his wife and children with gentility, from bonnet-strings to shoe-strings. By what process of division can the sum of eighty pounds per annum be made to yield a quotient which will cover that man's weekly expenses? This was the problem presented by the position of the Rev. Amos Barton, as curate of Shepperton, rather more than twenty years ago.

What was thought of this problem, and of the man who had to work it out, by some of the well-to-do inhabitants of Shepperton, two years or more after Mr. Barton's arrival among them, you shall hear, if you will accompany me to Cross Farm, and to the fireside of Mrs. Patten, a childless old lady, who had got rich chiefly by the negative process of spending nothing. Mrs. Patten's passive accumulation of wealth, through all sorts of "bad times," on the farm of which

she had been sole tenant since her husband's death, her epigrammatic neighbor, Mrs. Hackit, sarcastically accounted for by supposing that "sixpences grew on the bents of Cross Farm;" while Mr. Hackit, expressing his views more literally, reminded his wife that "money breeds money." Mr. and Mrs. Hackit, from the neighboring farm, are Mrs. Patten's guests this evening; so is Mr. Pillgrim, the doctor from the nearest market-town, who, though occasionally affecting aristocratic airs, and giving late dinners with enigmatic side-dishes and poisonous port, is never so comfortable as when he is relaxing his professional legs in one of those excellent farmhouses where the mice are sleek and the mistress sickly. And he is at this moment in clover.

For the flickering of Mrs. Patten's bright fire is reflected in her bright copper tea-kettle, the home-made muffins glisten with an inviting succulence, and Mrs. Patten's niece, a single lady of fifty, who has refused the most ineligible offers out of devotion to her aged aunt, is pouring the rich cream into the fragrant tea with a discreet liberality.

Reader! *did* you ever taste such a cup of tea as Miss Gibbs is this moment handing to Mr. Pillgrim? Do you know the dulcet strength, the animating blandness of tea sufficiently blended with real farmhouse cream? No—most likely you are a miserable town-bred reader, who think of cream as a thinnish white fluid, delivered in infinitesimal pennyworths down area steps; or, perhaps, from a presentiment of calves' brains, you refrain from any lacteal addition, and rasp your tongue with unmitigated bohea. You have a vague idea of a milch cow as probably a white-plaster animal standing in a butterman's window, and you know nothing of the sweet history of genuine cream, such as Miss Gibbs': how it was this morning in the udders of the large sleek beasts, as they stood lowing a patient entreaty under the milking-shed; how it fell with a pleasant rhythm into Betty's pail, sending a delicious incense into the cool air; how it was carried into that temple of moist cleanliness, the dairy, where it quietly separated itself from the meaner elements of milk, and lay in mellowed whiteness, ready for the skimming-dish which transferred it to Miss Gibbs' glass cream-jug. If I am right in my conjecture, you are unac-

quainted with the highest possibilities of tea; and Mr. Pillgrim, who is holding that cup in his hand, has an idea beyond you.

Mrs. Hackit declines cream; she has so long abetained from it with an eye to the weekly butter-money, that abstinence, wedded to habit, has begotten aversion. She is a thin woman with a chronic liver-complaint, which would have secured her Mr. Pillgrim's entire regard and unreserved good word, even if he had not been in awe of her tongue, which was as sharp as his own lancet. She has brought her knitting—no frivolous fancy knitting, but a substantial woollen stocking; the click-click of her knitting-needles is the running accompaniment to all her conversation, and in her utmost enjoyment of spoiling a friend's self-satisfaction, she was never known to spoil a stocking.

Mrs. Patten does not admire this excessive click-clicking activity. Quiescence in an easy-chair, under the sense of compound interest perpetually accumulating, has long seemed an ample function to her, and she does her malevolence gently. She is a pretty little old woman of eighty, with a close cap and tiny flat white curls round her face, as natty and unsoiled and invariable as the waxen image of a little old lady under a glass-case; once a lady's maid, and married for her beauty. She used to adore her husband, and now she adores her money, cherishing a quiet blood-relation's hatred for her niece, Janet Gibbs, who, she knows, expects a large legacy, and whom she is determined to disappoint. Her money shall all go in a lump to a distant relation of her husband's, and Janet shall be saved the trouble of pretending to cry, by finding that she is left with a miserable pittance.

Mrs. Patten has more respect for her neighbor Mr. Hackit than for most people. Mr. Hackit is a shrewd substantial man, whose advice about crops is always worth listening to, and who is too well off to want to borrow money.

And now that we are snug and warm with this little tea-party, while it is freezing with February bitterness outside, we will listen to what they are talking about.

"So," said Mr. Pillgrim, with his mouth only half empty of muffin, "you had a row in Shepperton church last Sunday. I was at Jem Hood's, the bassoon-man's, this

morning, attending his wife, and he swears he'll be revenged on the parson—a confounded, methodistical, meddlesome chap, who must be putting his finger in every pie. What is it all about?"

"O, a passill o' nonsense," said Mr. Hackit, sticking one thumb between the buttons of his capacious waistcoat, and retaining a pinch of snuff with the other—for he was but moderately given to "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," and had already finished his tea; "they began to sing the wedding psalm for a new-married couple, as pretty a psalm an' as pretty a tune as any's in the prayer-book. It's been sung for every new-married couple since I was a boy. And what can be better?" Here Mr. Hackit stretched out his left arm, threw back his head, and broke into melody—

"O what a happy thing it is,  
And joyful for to see,  
Brethren to dwell together in  
Friendship and unity."

But Mr. Barton is all for th' hymns, and a sort o' music as I can't join in at all."

"And so," said Mr. Pillgrim, recalling Mr. Hackit from lyrical reminiscences to narrative, "he called out Silence! did he? when he got into the pulpit; and gave a hymn out himself to some meeting-house tune?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hackit, stooping towards the candle to pick up a stitch, "and turned as red as a turkey-cock. I often say, when he preaches about meekness, he gives himself a slap in the face. He's like me—he's got a temper of his own."

"Rather a low-bred fellow, I think, Barton," said Mr. Pillgrim, who hated the Reverend Amos for two reasons—because he had called in a new doctor, recently settled in Shepperton; and because, being himself a dabbler in drugs, he had the credit of having cured a patient of Mr. Pilgrim's. "They say his father was a dissenting shoemaker; and he's half a dissenter himself. Why, doesn't he preach extempore in that cottage up here, of a Sunday evening?"

"Tehaw!"—this was Mr. Hackit's favorite interjection—"that preaching without book's no good, only when a man has a gift, and has the Bible at his fingers' ends. It was all very well for Parry—he'd a gift; and in my youth I've heard the Ranters out

o' doors in Yorkshire go on for an hour or two on end, without ever sticking fast a minute. There was one clever chap, I remember, as used to say, 'You're like the wood-pigeon; it says do, do, do, all day, and never sets about any work itself.' That's bringing it home to people. But our parson's no gift at all that way; he can preach as good a sermon as need be heard when he writes it down. But when he tries to preach wi'out book, he rambles about, and doesn't stick to 's text; and every now and then he flounders about like a sheep as has cast itself, and can't get on 'ts legs again. You wouldn't like that, Mrs. Patten, if you was to go to church now?"

"Eh, dear," said Mrs. Patten, falling back in her chair, and lifting up her little withered hands, "what would Mr. Gilfil say, if he was worthy to know the changes as have come about in the church in these ten years? I don't understand these new sort o' doctrines. When Mr. Barton comes to see me, he talks about nothing but my sins and my need o' mercy. Now, Mr. Hackit, I've never been a sinner. From the first beginning, when I went into service, I al'ys did my duty by my employers. I was a good wife as any's in the county—never aggravated my husband. The cheese-factor used to say my cheese was al'ys to be depended on. I've known women, as their cheeses swelled a shame to be seen, when their husbands had counted on the cheese-money to make up their rent; and yet they'd three gowns to my one. If I'm not to be saved, I know a many as are in a bad way. But it's well for me as I can't go to church any longer, for if th' old singers are to be done away with, there'll be nothing left as it was in Mr. Patten's time; and what's more, I hear you've settled to pull the church down and build it up new?"

Now the fact was that the Rev. Amos Barton, on his last visit to Mrs. Patten, had urged her to enlarge her promised subscription of twenty pounds, representing to her that she was only a steward of her riches, and that she could not spend them more for the glory of God than by giving a heavy subscription towards the rebuilding of Shepperton church—a practical precept which was not likely to smooth the way to her acceptance of his theological doctrine. Mr. Hackit, who had more doctrinal enlightenment than

Mrs. Patten, had been a little shocked by the heathenism of her speech, and was glad of the new turn given to the subject by this question, addressed to him as churchwarden, and an authority in all parochial matters.

"Ah," he answered, "the parson's boddered us into it at last, and we're to begin pulling down this spring. But we haven't got money enough yet. I was for waiting till we'd made up the sum, and, for my part, I think the congregation's fell off o' late; though Mr. Barton says that's because there's been no room for the people when they've come. You see, the congregation got so large in Parry's time, the people stood in th' aisles; but there's never any crowd now, as I can see."

"Well," said Mrs. Hackit, whose good-nature began to act, now that it was a little in contradiction with the dominant tone of the conversation, "I like Mr. Barton. I think he's a good sort o' man, for all he's not overburthen'd i' th' upper story; and his wife's as nice a lady-like woman as I'd wish to see. How nice she keeps her children! and little enough money to do 't with; and a delicate creatur'—six children, and another a-coming. I don't know how they make both ends meet, I'm sure, now her aunt has left 'em. But I sent 'em a cheese and a sack o' potatoes last week; that's something towards filling the little mouths."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hackit, "and my wife makes Mr. Barton a good stiff glass o' brandy-and-water, when he comes in to supper after his cottage preaching. The parson likes it; it puts a bit o' color into 's face, and makes him look a deal handsomer."

This allusion to brandy-and-water suggested to Miss Gibbs the introduction of the liquor decanters, now that the tea was cleared away; for in bucolic society five-and-twenty years ago, the human animal of the male sex was understood to be perpetually athirst, and "something to drink" was as necessary a "condition of thought" as Time and Space.

"Now, that cottage preaching," said Mr. Pilgrim, mixing himself a strong glass of "cold without," "I was talking about it to our Parson Ely the other day, and he doesn't approve of it at all. He said it did as much

harm as good to give a too familiar aspect to religious teaching. That was what Ely said—it does as much harm as good to give a too familiar aspect to religious teaching."

Mr. Pilgrim generally spoke with an intermittent kind of splutter; indeed, one of his patients had observed that it was a pity such a clever man had a "pediment" in his speech. But when he came to what he conceived the pith of his argument or the point of his joke, he mouthed out his words with slow emphasis; as a hen, when advertising her accouchement, passes at irregular intervals from panissimo semiquavers to fortissimo crêchets. He thought this speech of Mr. Ely's particularly metaphysical and profound, and the more decisive of the question because it was a generality which represented no particulars to his mind.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Mrs. Hackit, who had always the courage of her opinion, "but I know, some of our laborers and stockingers as used never to come to church, come to the cottage, and that's better than never hearing any thing good from week's end to week's end. And there's that Track Society as Mr. Barton has begun—I've seen more o' the poor people with going *tracking*, than all the time I've lived in the parish before. And there'd need be something done among 'em; for the drinking at them Benefit Clubs is shameful. There's hardly a steady man or steady woman either, but what's a dissenter."

During this speech of Mrs. Hackit's Mr. Pilgrim had emitted a succession of little snorts, something like the treble grunts of a guinea-pig, which were always with him the sign of suppressed disapproval. But he never contradicted Mrs. Hackit—a woman whose "pot luck" was always to be relied on, and who on her side had unlimited reliance on bleeding, blistering, and draughts.

Mrs. Patten, however, felt equal disapprobation, and had no reasons for suppressing it.

"Well," she remarked, "I've heard of no good from interfering with one's neighbors, poor or rich. And I hate the sight o' women going about *trapesing* from house to house in all weathers, wet or dry, and coming in with their petticoats dagged and their shoes all over mud. Janet wanted to join in the tracking, but I told her I'd have no-



body tracking out o' my house; when I'm gone, she may do as she likes. I never dagged my petticoats in *my* life, and I've no opinion o' that sort o' religion."

"No," said Mr. Hackit, who was fond of soothing the acerbities of the feminine mind with a jocose compliment, "you held your petticoats so high, to show your tight ankles: it isn't everybody as likes to show her ankles."

This joke met with general acceptance, even from the snubbed Janet, whose ankles were only tight in the sense of looking extremely squeezed by her boots. But Janet seemed always to identify herself with her aunt's personality, holding her own under protest.

Under cover of the general laughter, the gentlemen replenished their glasses, Mr. Pillgrim attempting to give his the character of a stirrup-cup, by observing that he "must be going." Miss Gibbs seized this opportunity of telling Mrs. Hackit that she suspected Betty, the dairymaid, of frying the best bacon for the shepherd, when he sat up with her to "help brew;" whereupon Mrs. Hackit replied, that she had always thought Betty false; and Mrs. Patten said, there was no bacon stolen when *she* was able to manage. Mr. Hackit, who always said he "never saw the like to women with their maids—he never had any trouble with his men," avoided listening to this discussion, by raising the question of vetches with Mr. Pillgrim. The stream of conversation had thus diverged; no more was said about the Rev. Amos Barton, who is the main object of interest to us just now. So we may leave Cross Farm without waiting till Mrs. Hackit, resolutely donning her clogs and wrappings, renders it incumbent on Mr. Pillgrim also to fulfil his frequent threat of going.

## CHAPTER II.

It was happy for the Rev. Amos Barton that he did not, like us, overhear the conversation recorded in the last chapter. Indeed, what mortal is there of us, who would find his satisfaction enhanced by an opportunity of comparing the picture he presents to himself of his own doings, with the picture they make on the mental retina of his neighbors? We are poor plants buoyed up by the air vessels of our own conceit: alas for us, if we get a few pinches that empty

us of that windy self-subsistence! The very capacity for good would go out of us. For, tell the most impassioned orator, suddenly, that his wig is awry, or his shirt-lap hanging out, and that he is tickling people by the oddity of his person, instead of thrilling them by the energy of his periods, and you would infallibly dry up the spring of his eloquence. That is a deep and wide saying, that no miracle can be wrought without faith—without the worker's faith in himself, as well as the recipient's faith in him. And the greatest part of the worker's faith in himself is made up of the faith that others believe in him.

Let me be persuaded that my neighbor Jenkins considers me a blockhead, and I shall never shine in conversation with him any more. Let me discover that the lovely Phoebe thinks my squint intolerable, and I shall never be able to fix her blandly with my disengaged eye again.

Thank heaven, then, that a little illusion is left to us, to enable us to be useful and agreeable—that we don't know exactly what our friends think of us—that the world is not made of looking-glass, to show us just the figure we are making, and just what is going on behind our backs! By the help of dear friendly illusion, we are able to dream that we are charming—and our faces wear a becoming air of self-possession; we are able to dream that other men admire our talents—and our benignity is undisturbed; we are able to dream that we are doing much good—and we do a little.

Thus it was with Amos Barton on that very Thursday evening, when he was the subject of the conversation at Cross Farm. He had been dining at Mr. Farquhar's, the secondary squire of the parish, and, stimulated by unwonted gravies and port wine, had been delivering his opinion on affairs parochial and otherwise with considerable animation. And he was now returning home in the moonlight—a little chill, it is true, for he had just now no greatcoat compatible with clerical dignity, and a fur boa round one's neck, with a waterproof cape over one's shoulders, doesn't frighten away the cold from one's legs; but entirely unsuspecting, not only of Mr. Hackit's estimate of his oratorical powers, but also of the critical remarks passed on him by the Misses Farquhar as soon the drawing-room door

had closed behind him. Miss Julia had observed that she *never* heard any one sniff so frightfully as Mr. Barton did—she had a great mind to offer him her pocket-handkerchief; and Miss Arabella wondered why he always said he was going *for* to do a thing. He, excellent man! was meditating fresh pastoral exertions on the morrow; he would set on foot his lending library, in which he had introduced some books that would be a pretty sharp blow to the dissenters—one especially, purporting to be written by a working man who, out of pure zeal for the welfare of his class, took the trouble to warn them in this way against those hypocritical thieves, the dissenting preachers. The Rev. Amos Barton profoundly believed in the existence of that working man, and had thoughts of writing to him. Dissent, he considered, would have its head bruised in Shepperton, for did he not attack it in two ways? He preached Low-Church doctrine—as evangelical as any thing to be heard in the Independent Chapel; and he made a High-Church assertion of ecclesiastical powers and functions. Clearly, the Dissenters would feel that “the parson” was too many for them. Nothing like a man who combines shrewdness with energy. The wisdom of the serpent, Mr. Barton considered was one of his strong points.

Look at him as he winds through the little churchyard! The silver light that falls aslant on church and tomb, enables you to see his slim black figure, made all the slimmer by tight pantaloons, as it flits past the pale gravestones. He walks with a quick step, and is now rapping with sharp decision at the vicarage door. It is opened without delay by the nurse, cook, and housemaid, all at once—that is to say, by the robust maid-of-all-work, Nanny; and, as Mr. Barton hangs up his hat in the passage, you see that a narrow face of no particular complexion—even the small-pox that has attacked it seems to have been of a mongrel, indefinite kind—with features of no particular shape, and an eye of no particular expression, is surmounted by a slope of baldness gently rising from brow to crown. You judge him, rightly, to be about forty. The house is quiet, for it is half-past ten, and the children have long been gone to bed. He opens the sitting-room door, but instead of seeing his wife, as he expected, stitching

with the nimblest of fingers by the light of one candle, he finds her dispensing with the light of a candle altogether. She is softly pacing up and down by the red fire-light, holding in her arms little Walter, the year-old baby, who looks over her shoulder with large wide-open eyes, while the patient mother pats his back with her soft hand, and glances with a sigh at the heap of large and small stockings lying unattended on the table.

She was a lovely woman—Mrs. Amos Barton; a large, fair, gentle Madonna, with thick, close chestnut curls beside her well-rounded cheeks, and with large, tender, short-sighted eyes. The flowing lines of her tall figure made the limpest dress look graceful, and her old frayed black silk seemed to repose on her bust and limbs with a placid elegance and sense of distinction, in strong contrast with the uneasy sense of being no fit, that seemed to express itself in the rustling of Mrs. Earquhar's *gros de Naples*. The caps she wore would have been pronounced, when off her head, utterly heavy and hideous—for in those days even fashionable caps were large and floppy; but surmounting her long arched neck, and mingling their borders of cheap lace and ribbon with her chestnut curls, they seemed miracles of successful millinery. Among strangers she was shy and tremulous as a girl of fifteen; she blushed crimson if any one appealed to her opinion; yet that tall, graceful, substantial presence was so imposing in its mildness, that men spoke to her with an agreeable sensation of timidity.

Soothing, unspeakable charm of gentle womanhood! which supersedes all acquisitions, all accomplishments. You would never have asked, at any period of Mrs. Amos Barton's life, if she sketched or played the piano. You would even perhaps have been rather scandalized if she had descended from the serene dignity of *being* to the assiduous unrest of *doing*. Happy the man, you would have thought, whose eye will rest on her in the pauses of his fireside reading—whose hot aching forehead will be soothed by the contact of her cool soft hand—who will recover himself from dejection at his mistakes and failures in the loving light of her unrepining eyes! You would not, perhaps, have anticipated that this bliss would fall to the share of precisely such a

man as Amos Barton, whom you have already surmised not to have the refined sensibilities for which you might have imagined Mrs. Barton's qualities to be destined by pre-established harmony. But I, for one, do not grudge Amos Barton this sweet wife. I have all my life had a sympathy for mongrel ungainly dogs, who are nobody's pets; and I would rather surprise one of them by a pat and a pleasant morsel, than meet the condescending advances of the loveliest Skye-terrier who has his cushion by my lady's chair. That, to be sure, is not the way of the world: if it happens to see a fellow of fine proportions and aristocratic mien, who makes no *faux pas*, and wins golden opinions from all sorts of men, it straightway picks out for him the loveliest of unmarried women, and says, *There would be a proper match!* Not at all, say I: let that successful, well-shapen, discreet, and able gentleman put up with something less than the best in the matrimonial department; and let the sweet woman go to make sunshine and a soft pillow for the poor devil whose legs are not models, whose efforts are often blunders, and who in general gets more kicks than halfpence. She—the sweet woman—will like it as well; for her sublime capacity of loving will have all the more scope; and, I venture to say, Mrs. Barton's nature would never have grown half so angelic if she had married the man you would perhaps have had in your eye for her—a man with sufficient income and abundant personal éclat. Besides, Amos was an affectionate husband, and, in his way, valued his wife as his best treasure.

But now he has shut the door behind him, and said, "Well, Milly!"

"Well, dear!" was the corresponding greeting, made eloquent by a smile.

"So that young rascal won't go to sleep! Can't you give him to Nanny?"

"Why, Nanny has been busy ironing this evening; but I think I'll take him to her now." And Mrs. Barton glided towards the kitchen, while her husband ran up-stairs to put on his maize-colored dressing-gown, in which costume he was quietly filling his long pipe when his wife returned to the sitting-room. Maize is a color that decidedly did not suit his complexion, and it is one that soon soils; why, then, did Mr. Barton select it for domestic wear? Perhaps because he

had a knack of hitting on the wrong thing in garb as well as in grammar.

Mrs. Barton now lighted her candle, and seated herself before her heap of stockings. She had something disagreeable to tell her husband, but she would not enter on it at once.

"Have you had a nice evening, dear?"

"Yes, pretty well. Ely was there to dinner, but went away rather early. Miss Arabella is setting her cap at him with a vengeance. But I don't think he's much smitten. I've a notion Ely's engaged to some one at a distance, and will astonish all the ladies who are languishing for him here, by bringing home his bride one of these days. Ely's a sly dog; he'll like that."

"Did the Farquhars say any thing about the singing last Sunday?"

"Yes; Farquhar said he thought it was time there was some improvement in the choir. But he was rather scandalized at my setting the tune of 'Lydia.' He says he's always hearing it as he passes the Independent meeting." Here Mr. Barton laughed—he had a way of laughing at criticisms that other people thought damaging—and thereby showed the remainder of a set of teeth which, like the remnants of the Old Guard, were few in number, and very much the worse for wear. "But," he continued, "Mrs. Farquhar talked the most about Mr. Bridmain and the Countess. She has taken up all the gossip about them, and wanted to convert me to her opinion, but I told her pretty strongly what I thought."

"Dear me! why will people take so much pains to find out evil about others? I have had a note from the Countess since you went, asking us to dine with them on Friday."

Here Mrs. Barton reached the note from the mantel-piece, and gave it to her husband. We will look over his shoulder while he reads it:

"SWEETEST MILLY.—Bring your lovely face with your husband to dine with us on Friday at seven—do. If not, I will be sulky with you till Sunday, when I shall be obliged to see you, and shall long to kiss you that very moment. Yours, according to your answer,

"CAROLINE CZERLASKI."

"Just like her, isn't it?" said Mrs. Barton. "I suppose we can go?"

"Yes; I have no engagement. The Clerical Meeting is to-morrow, you know."

"And, dear, Woods the butcher called, to say he must have some money next week. He has a payment to make up."

This announcement made Mr. Barton thoughtful. He puffed more rapidly, and looked at the fire.

"I think I must ask Hackit to lend me twenty pounds, for it is nearly two months till Lady-Day, and we can't give Woods our last shilling."

"I hardly like you to ask Mr. Hackit, dear—he and Mrs. Hackit have been so very kind to us; they have sent us so many things lately."

"Then I must ask Oldinport. I'm going to write to him to-morrow morning, for to tell him the arrangement I've been thinking of about having service in the workhouse while the church is being enlarged. If he agrees to attend service there once or twice, the other people will come. Net the large fish, and you're sure to have the small fry."

"I wish we could do without borrowing money, and yet I don't see how we can. Poor Fred must have some new shoes; I couldn't let him go to Mrs. Bond's yesterday because his toes were peeping out, dear child! and I can't let him walk anywhere except in the garden. He must have a pair before Sunday. Really, boots and shoes are the greatest trouble of my life. Every thing else one can turn and turn about, and make old look like new; but there's no coaxing boots and shoes to look better than they are."

Mrs. Barton was playfully undervaluing her skill in metamorphosing boots and shoes. She had at that moment on her feet a pair of slippers which had long ago lived through the prunella phase of their existence, and were now running a respectable career as black silk slippers, having been neatly covered with that material by Mrs. Barton's own neat fingers. Wonderful fingers those! they were never empty; for, if she went to spend a few hours with a friendly parishioner, out came her thimble and a piece of calico or muslin, which, before she left, had become a mysterious little garment with all sorts of hemmed ins and outs. She was even trying to persuade her husband to leave off tight pantaloons, because, if he would wear the ordinary gun-cases, she knew she

could make them so well that no one would suspect the sex of the tailor.

But by this time Mr. Barton! as finished his pipe, the candle begins to burn low, and Mrs. Barton goes to see if Nanny has succeeded in lulling Walter to sleep. Nanny is that moment putting him in the little cot by his mother's bedside; the head, with its thin wavelets of brown hair, indents the little pillow; and a tiny, waxen, dimpled fist hides the rosy lips, for baby is given to the infantine peccadillo of thumb-sucking.

So Nanny could now join in the short evening prayer, and all could go to bed.

Mrs. Barton carried up-stairs the remainder of her heap of stockings, and laid them on a table close to her bedside, where also she placed a warm shawl, removing her candle, before she put it out, to a tin socket fixed at the head of her bed. Her body was very weary, but her heart was not heavy, in spite of Mr. Woods the butcher, and the transitory nature of shoe-leather; for her heart so overflowed with love, she felt sure she was near a fountain of love that would care for husband and babes better than she could foresee; so she was soon asleep. But about half-past five o'clock in the morning, if there were any angels watching round her bed—and angels might be glad of such an office—they saw Mrs. Barton rise up quietly, careful not to disturb the slumbering Amos, who was snoring with the snore of the just, light her candle, prop herself upright with the pillows, throw the warm shawl round her shoulders, and renew her attack on the heap of undarned stockings. She darned away until she heard Nanny stirring, and then drowsiness came with the dawn; the candle was put out, and she sank into a doze. But at nine o'clock she was at the breakfast-table, busy cutting bread-and-butter for five hungry mouths, while Nanny, baby on one arm, in rosy cheeks, fat neck, and night-gown, brought in a jug of hot milk-and-water. Nearest her mother sits the nine-year-old Patty, the eldest child, whose sweet fair face is already rather grave sometimes, and who always wants to run up-stairs to save mamma's legs, which get so tired of an evening. Then there are four other blond heads—two boys and two girls, gradually decreasing in size down to Chubby, who is making a round O of her mouth to receive a bit of papa's "baton." Papa's attention



was divided between petting Chubby, rebuking the noisy Fred, which he did with a somewhat excessive sharpness, and eating his own breakfast. He had not yet looked at Mamma, and did not know that her cheek was paler than usual. But Patty whispered, "Mamma, have you the headache?"

Happily, coal was cheap in the neighborhood of Shepperton, and Mr. Hacket would any time let his horses draw a load for "the parson" without charge; so there was a blazing fire in the sitting-room, and not without need, for the vicarage garden, as they looked out on it from the bow-window, was hard with black frost, and the sky had the white woolly look that portends snow.

Breakfast over, Mr. Barton mounted to his study, and occupied himself in the first place with his letter to Mr. Oldinport. It was very much the same sort of letter as most clergymen would have written under the same circumstances, except that instead of *perambulate*, the Rev. Amos wrote *preambulate*, and instead of "if haply," "if happily," the contingency indicated being the reverse of happy. Mr. Barton had not the gift of perfect accuracy in English orthography and syntax; which was unfortunate, as he was known not to be a Hebrew scholar, and not in the least suspected of being an accomplished Grecian. These lapses, in a man who had gone through the Eleusinian mysteries of a university education, surprised the young ladies of his parish extremely; especially the Misses Farquhar, whom he had once addressed in a letter as Dear Mads, apparently an abbreviation for Madams. The persons least surprised at the Rev. Amos' deficiencies were his clerical brethren, who had gone through the mysteries themselves.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Barton walked forth in cape and bon, with the sleet driving in his face, to read prayers at the workhouse, euphuistically called the "College." The College was a huge square stone building, standing on the best apology for an elevation of ground that could be seen for about ten miles round Shepperton. A flat ugly district this; depressing enough to look at, even on the brightest days. The roads are black with coal-dust, the brick houses dingy with smoke; and at that time—the time of handloom weavers—every other cottage had a loom at its window, where you might see

a pale, sickly-looking man or woman pressing a narrow chest against a board, and doing a sort of treadmill work with legs and arms. A troublesome district for a clergyman; at least to one who, like Amos Barton, understood the "cure of souls" in something more than an official sense; for over and above the rustic stupidity furnished by the farm-laborers, the miners brought obstreperous animalism, and the weavers an acrid Radicalism and dissent. Indeed, Mrs. Hackett often observed that the colliers, who many of them earned better wages than Mr. Barton, "passed their time in doing nothing but swilling ale and smoking, like the beasts that perish" (speaking, we may presume, in a remotely analogical sense); and in some of the alehouse corners the drink was flavored by a dingy kind of infidelity, something like rinsings of Tom Paine in ditch-water. A certain amount of religious excitement, created by the popular preaching of Mr. Parry, Amos' predecessor, had nearly died out, and the religious life of Shepperton was falling back towards low-water mark. Here, you perceive, was a terrible stronghold of Satan; and you may well pity the Rev. Amos Barton, who had to stand single-handed and summon it to surrender. We read, indeed, that the walls of Jericho fell down before the sound of the trumpets; but we nowhere hear that those trumpets were hoarse and feeble. Doubtless they were trumpets that gave forth clear ringing tones, and sent a mighty vibration through brick and mortar. But the oratory of the Rev. Amos resembled rather a Belgian railway-horn, which shows praiseworthy intentions inadequately fulfilled. He often missed the right note both in public and private exhortation, and got a little angry in consequence. For though Amos thought himself strong, he did not *feel* himself strong. Nature had given him the opinion, but not the sensation. Without that opinion he would probably never have worn cambric bands, but would have been an excellent cabinet-maker and deacon of an Independent church, as his father was before him (he was not a shoemaker, as Mr. Pillgrim had reported). He might then have sniffed long and loud in the corner of his pew in Gun Street chapel; he might have indulged in halting rhetoric at prayer-meetings, and have spoken faulty English in private life; and these little infirmities would not

have prevented him, honest faithful man that he was, from being a shining light in the dissenting circle of Bridgeport. A tallow dip, of the long-eight description, is an excellent thing in the kitchen candlestick, and Betty's nose and eye are not sensitive to the difference between it and the finest wax: it is only when you stick it in the silver candlestick, and introduce it into the drawing-room, that it seems plebeian, dim, and ineffectual. Alas for the worthy man who, like that candle, gets himself into the wrong place! It is only the very largest souls who will be able to appreciate and pity him—who will discern and love sincerity of purpose amid all the bungling feebleness of achievement.

But now Amos Barton has made his way through the sleet as far as the College, has thrown off his hat, cape, and boa, and is reading, in the dreary stone-floored dining-room, a portion of the morning service to the inmates seated on the benches before him. Remember, the new poor-law had not yet come into operation, and Mr. Barton was not acting as paid chaplain of the Union, but as the pastor who had the cure of all souls in his parish, pauper as well as other. After the prayers, he always addressed to them a short discourse on some subject suggested by the lesson for the day, striving if by this means some edifying matter might find its way into the pauper mind and conscience—perhaps a task as trying as you could well imagine to the faith and patience of an honest clergyman. For, on the very first bench, these were the faces on which his eye had to rest, watching whether there was any stirring under the stagnant surface.

Right in front of him—probably because he was stone-deaf, and it was deemed more edifying to hear nothing at a short distance than at a long one—sat "Old Maxum," as he was familiarly called, his real patronymic remaining a mystery to most persons. A fine philological sense discerns in this cognomen an indication that the pauper patriarch had once been considered pithy and sententious in his speech; but now the weight of ninety-five years lay heavy on his tongue as well as in his ears, and he sat before the clergyman with protruded chin and munching mouth, and eyes that seemed to look at emptiness.

Next to him sat Poll Fodge—known to

the magistracy of her country as Mary Higgin—a one-eyed woman, with a scarred and scamy face, the most notorious rebel in the workhouse, said to have once thrown her broth over the master's coat-tails, and who, in spite of nature's apparent safeguards against that contingency, had contributed to the perpetuation of the Fodge characteristics in the person of a small boy, who was behaving naughtily on one of the back benches. Miss Fodge fixed her one sore eye on Mr. Barton with a sort of hardy defiance.

Beyond this member of the softer sex, at the end of the bench, sat "Silly Jim," a young man, afflicted with hydrocephalus, who rolled his head from side to side, and gazed at the point of his nose. These were the supporters of Old Maxum on his right.

On his left sat Mr. Fitchett, a tall fellow, who had once been a footman in the Oldinport family, and in that giddy elevation had enunciated a contemptuous opinion of boiled beef, which had been traditionally handed down in Shepperton as the direct cause of his ultimate reduction to pauper commons. His calves were now shrunken, and his hair was gray without the aid of powder; but he still carried his chin as if he were conscious of a stiff cravat; he set his dilapidated hat on with a knowing inclination towards the left ear; and when he was on field-work, carted and uncartered the manure with a sort of flunkey grace, the ghost of that jaunty demeanor with which he used to usher in my lady's morning visitors. The flunkey nature was nowhere completely subdued but in his stomach, and he still divided society into gentry, gentry's flunkies, and the people who provided for them. A clergyman without a flunkey was an anomaly, belonging to neither of these classes. Mr. Fitchett had an irrepressible tendency to drowsiness under spiritual instruction, and, in the recurrent regularity with which he dozed off until he nodded and awakened himself, he looked not unlike a piece of mechanism, ingeniously contrived for measuring the length of Mr. Barton's discourse.

Perfectly wide-awake, on the contrary, was his left-hand neighbor, Mrs. Brick, one of those hard undying old women, to whom age seems to have given a network of wrinkles, as a coat of magic armor against the attacks of winters, warm or cold. The point on which Mrs. Brick was still sensitive—the

theme on which you might possibly excite her hope and fear—was snuff. It seemed to be an embalming powder, helping her soul to do the office of salt.

And now, eke out an audience of which this front benchful was a sample, with a certain number of refractory children, over whom Mr. Spratt, the master of the work-house, exercised an irate surveillance, and I think you will admit that the university-taught clergyman, whose office it is to bring home the gospel to a handful of such souls, has a sufficiently hard task. For, to have any chance of success, short of miraculous intervention, he must bring his geographical, chronological, exegetical mind pretty nearly to the pauper point of view, or of no view; he must have some approximate conception of the mode in which the doctrines that have so much vitality in the plenum of his own brain will comport themselves *in vacuo*—that is to say, in a brain that is neither geographical, chronological, nor exegetical. It is a flexible imagination that can take such a leap as that, and an adroit tongue that can adapt its speech to so unfamiliar a position. The Rev. Amos Barton had neither that flexible imagination, nor that adroit tongue. He talked of Israel and its sins, of chosen vessels, of the Paschal lamb, of blood as a medium of reconciliation; and he strove in this way to convey religious truth within reach of the Fodge and Fitchett mind. This very morning, the first lesson was the twelfth chapter of Exodus, and Mr. Barton's exposition turned on unleavened bread. Nothing in the world more suited to the simple understanding than instruction through familiar types and symbols! But there is always this danger attending it, that the interest or comprehension of your hearers may stop short precisely at the point where your spiritual interpretation begins. And Mr. Barton this morning succeeded in carrying the pauper imagination to the dough-tub, but unfortunately was not able to carry it upwards from that well-known object to the unknown truths which it was intended to shadow forth.

Alas! a natural incapacity for teaching, finished by keeping "terms" at Cambridge, where there are able mathematicians, and butter is sold by the yard, is not apparently the medium through which Christian doc-

trine will distil as welcome dew on withered souls.

And so, while the sleet outside was turning to unquestionable snow, and the stony dining-room looked darker and drearier, and Mr. Fitchett was nodding his lowest, and Mr. Spratt was boxing the boys' ears with a constant *rinforzando*, as he felt more keenly the approach of dinner-time, Mr. Barton wound up his exhortation with something of the February chill at his heart as well as his feet. Mr. Fitchett, thoroughly roused now the instruction was at an end, obsequiously and gracefully advanced to help Mr. Barton put on his cape, while Mrs. Brick rubbed her withered forefinger round and round her little shoe-shaped snuff-box, vainly seeking for the fraction of a pinch. I can't help thinking that if Mr. Barton had shaken into that little box a small portion of Scotch high-dried, he might have produced something more like an amiable emotion in Mrs. Brick's mind than any thing she had felt under his morning's exposition of the unleavened bread. But our good Amos labored under a deficiency of small tact as well as of small cash; and when he observed the action of the old woman's forefinger, he said, in his brusque way, "So your snuff is all gone, eh?"

Mrs. Brick's eyes twinkled with the visionary hope that the parson might be intending to replenish her box, at least mediately, through the present of a small copper.

"Ah, well! you'll soon be going where there is no more snuff. You'll be in need of mercy then. You must remember that you may have to seek for mercy and not find it, just as you're seeking for snuff."

At the first sentence of this admonition, the twinkle subsided from Mrs. Brick's eyes. The lid of her box went "click!" and her heart was shut up at the same moment.

But now Mr. Barton's attention was called for by Mr. Spratt, who was dragging a small and unwilling boy from the rear. Mr. Spratt was a small-featured, small-statured man, with a remarkable power of language, mitigated by hesitation, who piqued himself on expressing unexceptionable sentiments in unexceptionable language on all occasions.

"Mr. Barton, sir—aw—aw—excuse my

trespassing on your time—aw—to beg that you will administer a rebuke to this boy; he is—aw—aw—most inveterate in ill-behavior during service-time.”

The inveterate culprit was a boy of seven, vainly contending against “candles” at his nose by feeble sniffing. But no sooner had Mr. Spratt uttered his impeachment, than Miss Fodge rushed forward and placed herself between Mr. Barton and the accused.

“That’s my child, Muster Barton,” she exclaimed, further manifesting her maternal instincts by applying her apron to her offspring’s nose. “He’s al’ys a-findin’ fault wi’ him, an’ a-poundin’ him for nothin’. Let him goo an’ eat his roast goose as is a-smellin’ up in our noses while we’re a-swallowing them greasy broth, an’ let my boy allooan.”

Mr. Spratt’s small eyes flashed, and he was in danger of uttering sentiments not unexceptionable before the clergyman; but Mr. Barton, foreseeing that a prolongation of this episode would not be to edification, said “Silence!” in his severest tones.

“Let me hear no abuse. Your boy is not likely to behave well, if you set him the example of being saucy.” Then stooping down to Master Fodge, and taking him by the shoulder, “Do you like being beaten?”

“No-a.”

“Then what a silly boy you are to be naughty. If you were not naughty, you wouldn’t be beaten. But if you are naughty, God will be angry, as well as Mr. Spratt; and God can burn you forever. That will be worse than being beaten.”

Master Fodge’s countenance was neither affirmative nor negative of this proposition.

“But,” continued Mr. Barton, “if you will be a good boy, God will love you, and you will grow up to be a good man. Now, let me hear next Thursday that you have been a good boy.”

Master Fodge had no distinct vision of the benefit that would accrue to him from this change of courses. But Mr. Barton, being aware that Miss Fodge had touched on a delicate subject in alluding to the roast goose, was determined to witness no more polemics between her and Mr. Spratt, so, saying good-morning to the latter, he hastily left the College.

The snow was falling in thicker and

thicker flakes, and already the vicarage garden was cloaked in white as he passed through the gate. Mrs. Barton heard him open the door, and ran out of the sitting-room to meet him.

“I’m afraid your feet are very wet, dear. What a terrible morning! Let me take your hat. Your slippers are at the fire.”

Mr. Barton was feeling a little cold and cross. It is difficult, when you have been doing disagreeable duties, without praise, on a snowy day, to attend to the very minor morals. So he showed no recognition of Milly’s attentions, but sniffed and said, “Fetch me my dressing-gown, will you?”

“It is down, dear. I thought you wouldn’t go into the study, because you said you would letter and number the books for the Lending Library. Patty and I have been covering them, and they are all ready in the sitting-room.”

“O, I can’t do those this morning,” said Mr. Barton, as he took off his boots and put his feet into the slippers Milly had brought him; “you must put them away into the parlor.”

The sitting-room was also the day-nursery and schoolroom; and while Mamma’s back was turned, Dickey, the second boy, had insisted on superseding Chubby in the guidance of a headless horse, of the red-wafered species, which she was drawing round the room, so that when Papa opened the door, Chubby was giving tongue energetically.

“Milly, some of these children must go away. I want to be quiet.”

“Yes, dear. Hush, Chubby; go with Patty, and see what Nanny is getting for our dinner. Now, Fred and Sophy and Dickey, help me—carry these books into the parlor. There are three for Dickey. Carry them steadily.”

Papa meanwhile settled himself in his easy-chair, and took up a work on Episcopacy, which he had from the Clerical Book Society; thinking he would finish it, and return it this afternoon, as he was going to the Clerical Meeting at Milby Vicarage, where the Book Society had its headquarters.

The Clerical Meetings and Book Society, which had been founded some eight or ten months, had had a noticeable effect on the Rev. Amos Barton. When he first came to Shepperton, he was simply an evangelical



clergyman, whose Christian experiences had commenced under the teaching of the Rev. Mr. Johns of Gun Street Chapel, and had been consolidated at Cambridge under the influence of Mr. Simeon. John Newton and Thomas Scott were his doctrinal ideals; he would have taken in the *Christian Observer* and the *Record*, if he could have afforded it; his anecdotes were chiefly of the pious-jocose kind, current in dissenting circles; and he thought an Episcopalian Establishment unobjectionable.

But by this time the effect of the Tractarian agitation was beginning to be felt in backward provincial regions, and the Tractarian satire on the Low-Church party was beginning to tell even on those who disavowed or resisted Tractarian doctrines. The vibration of an intellectual movement was felt from the golden head to the miry toes of the Establishment; and so it came to pass that, in the district round Millby, the market-town close to Shepperton, the clergy had agreed to have a clerical meeting every month, wherein they would exercise their intellects by discussing theological and ecclesiastical questions, and cement their brotherly love by discussing a good dinner. A Book Society naturally suggested itself as an adjunct of this agreeable plan; and thus, you perceive, there was provision made for ample friction of the clerical mind. Now, the Rev. Amos Barton was one of those men who have a decided will and opinion of their own; he held himself bolt upright, and had no self-distrust. He would march very determinedly along the road he thought best; but then it was wonderfully easy to convince him which was the best road. And so, a very little unwonted reading and unwonted discussion made him see that an Episcopalian Establishment was much more than unobjectionable, and on many other points he began to feel that he held opinions a little too far-sighted and profound to be crudely and suddenly communicated to ordinary minds. He was like an onion that has been rubbed with spices; the strong original odor was blended, with something new and foreign. The Low-Church onion still offended refined High-Church nostrils, and the new spice was unwelcome to the palate of the genuine onion-eater.

We will not accompany him to the Clerical Meeting to-day, because we shall probably

want to go thither some day when he will be absent. And just now I am bent on introducing you to Mr. Bridmain and the Countess Czerlaski, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Barton are invited to dine to-morrow.

## CHAPTER III.

OUTSIDE, the moon is shedding its cold light on the cold snow, and the white-bearded fir-trees round Camp Villa are casting a blue shadow across the white ground, while the Rev. Amos Barton and his wife are audibly crushing the crisp snow beneath their feet, as, about seven o'clock on Friday evening, they approach the door of the above-named desirable country residence, containing dining, breakfast, and drawing rooms, &c., situated only half a mile from the market-town of Millby.

Inside, there is a bright fire in the drawing-room, casting a pleasant but uncertain light on the delicate silk dress of a lady who is reclining behind a screen in the corner of the sofa, and allowing you to discern that the hair of the gentleman who is seated in the arm-chair opposite, with a newspaper over his knees, is becoming decidedly gray. A little "King Charles," with a crimson ribbon round his neck, who has been lying curled up in the very middle of the hearth-rug, has just discovered that that zone is too hot for him, and is jumping on the sofa, evidently with the intention of accommodating his person on the silk gown. On the table there are two wax candles, which will be lighted as soon as the expected knock is heard at the door.

The knock is heard, the candles are lighted, and presently Mr. and Mrs. Barton are ushered in—Mr. Barton erect and clerical, in a faultless tie and shining cranium; Mrs. Barton graceful in a newly-turned black silk.

"Now this is charming of you," said the Countess Czerlaski, advancing to meet them, and embracing Milly with careful elegance. "I am really ashamed of my selfishness in asking my friends to come and see me in this frightful weather." Then giving her hand to Amos, "And you, Mr. Barton, whose time is so precious! But I am doing a good deed in drawing you away from your labors. I have a plot to prevent you from martyring yourself."

While this greeting was going forward, Mr. Bridmain, and Jet the spaniel, looked

on with the air of actors who had no idea of by-play. Mr. Bridmain, a stiff and rather thick-set man, gave his welcome with a labored cordiality. It was astonishing how little he resembled his beautiful sister.

For the Countess Czerlaski was undeniably beautiful. As she seated herself by Mrs. Barton on the sofa, Milly's eyes, indeed, rested—must it be confessed?—chiefly on the details of the tasteful dress, the rich silk of a pinkish lilac hue (the Countess always wore delicate colors in an evening), the black lace pelerine, and the black lace veil falling at the back of the small closely-braided head. For Milly had one weakness—don't love her any the less for it, it was a pretty woman's weakness—she was fond of dress; and often, when she was making up her own economical millinery, she had romantic visions how nice it would be to put on really handsome stylish things—to have very stiff balloon sleeves, for example, without which a woman's dress was nought in those days. You and I, too, reader, have our weakness, have we not? which makes us think foolish things now and then. Perhaps it may lie in an excessive admiration for small hands and feet, a tall lithe figure, large dark eyes, and dark silken braided hair. All these the Countess possessed, and she had, moreover, a delicately formed nose, the least bit curved, and a clear, brunette complexion. Her mouth, it must be admitted, receded too much from her nose and chin, and to a prophetic eye threatened "nut-crackers" in advanced age. But by the light of fire and wax candles that age seemed very far off indeed, and you would have said that the Countess was not more than thirty.

Look at the two women on the sofa together! The large, fair, mild-eyed Milly is timid even in friendship: it is not easy to her to speak of the affection of which her heart is full. The lithe, dark, thin-lipped Countess is racking her small brain for caressing words and charming exaggerations.

"And how are all the cherubs at home?" said the Countess, stooping to pick up Jet, and without waiting for an answer. "I have been kept indoors by a cold ever since Sunday, or I should not have rested without seeing you. What have you done with those wretched singers, Mr. Barton?"

"O, we have got a new choir together,

which will go on very well with a little practice. I was quite determined that the old set of singers should be dismissed. I had given orders that they should not sing the wedding psalm, as they call it, again, to make a new-married couple look ridiculous, and they sang it in defiance of me. I could put them into the Ecclesiastical Court, if I chose for to do so, for lifting up their voices in church in opposition to the clergyman."

"And a most wholesome discipline that would be," said the Countess; "indeed, you are too patient and forbearing, Mr. Barton. For my part, I lose my temper when I see how far you are from being appreciated in that miserable Shepperton."

If, as is probable, Mr. Barton felt at a loss what to say in reply to the insinuated compliment, it was a relief to him that dinner was announced just then, and that he had to offer his arm to the Countess.

As Mr. Bridmain was leading Mrs. Barton to the dining-room, he observed, "The weather is very severe."

"Very, indeed," said Milly.

Mr. Bridmain studied conversation as an art. To ladies he spoke of the weather, and was accustomed to consider it under three points of view: as a question of climate in general, comparing England with other countries in this respect; as a personal question, inquiring how it affected his lady interlocutor in particular; and as a question of probabilities, discussing whether there would be a change or a continuance of the present atmospheric conditions. To gentlemen he talked politics, and he read two daily papers expressly to qualify himself for this function. Mr. Barton thought him a man of considerable political information, but not of lively parts.

"And so you are always to hold your Clerical Meetings at Mr. Ely's?" said the Countess between her spoonfuls of soup. (The soup was a little over-spiced. Mrs. Short of Camp Villa, who was in the habit of letting her best apartments, gave only moderate wages to her cook.)

"Yes," said Mr. Barton, "Millby is a central place, and there are many conveniences in having only one point of meeting."

"Well," continued the Countess, "every one seems to agree in giving the precedence

to Mr. Ely. For my part, I cannot admire him. His preaching is too cold for me. It has no fervor—no heart. I often say to my brother, it is a great comfort to me that Shepperton church is not too far off for us to go to; don't I, Edmund?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Bridmain; "they show us into such a bad pew at Millby—just where there is a draught from that door. I caught a stiff neck the first time I went there."

"O, it is the cold in the pulpit that affects me, not the cold in the pew. I was writing to my friend Lady Porter this morning, and telling her all about my feelings. She and I think alike on such matters. She is most anxious that when Sir William has an opportunity of giving away the living at their place, Dimpley, they should have a thoroughly zealous clever man there. I have been describing a certain friend of mine to her, who, I think, would be just to her mind. And there is such a pretty rectory, Milly; shouldn't I like to see you mistress of it?"

Milly smiled and blushed slightly. The Rev. Amos blushed very red, and gave a little embarrassed laugh—he could rarely keep his muscles within the limits of a smile.

At this moment John, the man-servant, approached Mrs. Barton with a gravy-tureen, and also with a slight odor of the cow-shed, which usually adhered to him throughout his indoor functions. John was rather nervous; and the Countess happening to speak to him at this inopportune moment, the tureen slipped and emptied itself on Mrs. Barton's newly-turned black silk.

"O, horror! Tell Alice to come directly and rub Mrs. Barton's dress," said the Countess to the trembling John, carefully abstaining from approaching the gravy-sprinkled spot on the floor with her own lilac silk. But Mr. Bridmain, who had a strictly private interest in silks, good-naturedly jumped up and applied his napkin at once to Mrs. Barton's gown.

Milly felt a little inward anguish, but no ill-temper, and tried to make light of the matter for the sake of John as well as others. The Countess felt inwardly thankful that her own delicate silk had escaped, but threw out lavish interjections of distress and indignation.

"Dear saint that you are," she said,

when Milly laughed, and suggested that, as her silk was not very glossy to begin with, the dim patch would not be much seen; "you don't mind about these things, I know. Just the same sort of thing happened to me at the Princess Wengstein's, one day, on a pink satin. I was in an agony. But you are so indifferent to dress; and well you may be. It is you who make dress pretty, and not dress that makes you pretty."

Alice, the buxom lady's-maid, wearing a much better dress than Mrs. Barton's, now appeared to take Mr. Bridmain's place in retrieving the mischief, and after a great amount of supplementary rubbing, composure was restored, and the business of dining was continued.

When John was recounting his accident to the cook in the kitchen, he observed, "Mrs. Barton's a hamable woman; I'd a deal sooner ha' throwed the gravy o'er the Countess' fine gownd. But laws! what tantrums she'd ha' been in arter the visitors was gone."

"You'd a deal sooner not ha' throwed it down at all, I should think," responded the unsympathetic cook, to whom John did not make love. "Who d'you think's to mek gravy anuff, if you're to baste people's gownd's wi' it?"

"Well," suggested John humbly, "you should wet the bottom of the *durce* a bit, to hold it from slippin'."

"Wet your granny!" returned the cook; a retort which she probably regarded in the light of a *reductio ad absurdum*, and which in fact reduced John to silence.

Later on in the evening, while John was removing the tea-things from the drawing-room, and brushing the crumbs from the table-cloth with an accompanying hiss, such as he was wont to encourage himself with in rubbing down Mr. Bridmain's horse, the Rev. Amos Barton drew from his pocket a thin green-covered pamphlet, and, presenting it to the Countess, said—

"You were pleased, I think, with my sermon on Christmas Day. It has been printed in *The Pulpit*, and I thought you might like a copy."

"That indeed I shall. I shall quite value the opportunity of reading that sermon. There was such depth in it!—such argument! It was not a sermon to be heard

only once. I am delighted that it should become generally known, as it will be, now it is printed in *The Pulpit*."

"Yes," said Milly, innocently, "I was so pleased with the editor's letter." And she drew out her little pocket-book, where she carefully treasured the editorial autograph, while Mr. Barton laughed and blushed, and said, "Nonsense, Milly!"

"You see," she said, giving the letter to the Countess, "I am very proud of the praise my husband gets."

The sermon in question, by the by, was an extremely argumentative one on the Incarnation; which, as it was preached to a congregation not one of whom had any doubt of that doctrine, and to whom the Socinians therein confuted were as unknown as the Arimaspians, was exceedingly well adapted to trouble and confuse the Sheppertonian mind.

"Ah," said the Countess, returning the editor's letter, "he may well say he will be glad of other sermons from the same source. But I would rather you should publish your sermons in an independent volume, Mr. Barton; it would be so desirable to have them in that shape. For instance I could send a copy to the Dean of Radbrough. And there is Lord Blarney, whom I knew before he was chancellor. I was a special favorite of his, and you can't think what sweet things he used to say to me. I shall not resist the temptation to write to him one of these days *sans façon*, and tell him how he ought to dispose of the next vacant living in his gift."

Whether Jet the spaniel, being a much more knowing dog than was suspected, wished to express his disapproval of the Countess' last speech, as not accordant with his ideas of wisdom and veracity, I cannot say; but at this moment he jumped off her lap, and, turning his back upon her, placed one paw on the fender, and held the other up to warm, as if affecting to abstract himself from the current of conversation.

But now Mr. Bridmain brought out the chess-board, and Mr. Barton accepted his challenge to play a game, with immense satisfaction. The Rev. Amos was very fond of chess, as most people are who can continue through many years to create interesting vicissitudes in the game, by taking long-meditated moves with their knights, and subsequently discovering that they have thereby exposed their queen.

Chess is a silent game; and the Countess' chat with Milly is in quite an under-tone—probably relating to woman's matters that it would be impertinent for us to listen to; so we will leave Camp Villa, and proceed to Millby Vicarage, where Mr. Farquhar has sat out two other guests with whom he has been dining at Mr. Ely's, and is now rather wearying that reverend gentleman by his protracted small-talk.

Mr. Ely was a tall, dark-haired, distinguished-looking man of three-and-thirty. By the laity of Millby and its neighborhood he was regarded as a man of quite remarkable powers and learning, who must make a considerable sensation in London pulpits and drawing-rooms on his occasional visits to the metropolis; and by his brother clergy he was regarded as a discreet and agreeable fellow. Mr. Ely never got into a warm discussion; he suggested what might be thought, but rarely said what he thought himself; he never let either men or women see that he was laughing at them, and he never gave any one an opportunity of laughing at him. In one thing only he was injudicious. He parted his dark wavy hair down the middle; and as his head was rather flat than otherwise, that style of coiffure was not advantageous to him.

Mr. Farquhar, though not a parishioner of Mr. Ely's, was one of his warmest admirers, and thought he would make an unexceptionable son-in-law, in spite of his being of no particular "family." Mr. Farquhar was susceptible on the point of "blood,"—his own circulating fluid, which animated a short and somewhat flabby person, being, he considered, of very superior quality.

"By the by," he said, with a certain pomposity counteracted by a lisp, "what an ath Barton makth of himthelf, about that Bridmain and the Counteth, ath she callth herthelf. After you were gone the other evening, Mitheth Farquhar wath telling him the general opinion about them in the neighborhood, and he got quite red and angry. Bleth your thoul, he believth the whole thtory about her Polish huthband and hith wonderful ethecapeth; and ath for her—why, he thinkth her perfection, a woman of motht refined feelingth, and no end of thtuff."

Mr. Ely smiled. "Some people would say our friend Barton was not the best judge of refinement. Perhaps the lady flatters him



a little, and we men are susceptible. She goes to Shepperton church every Sunday—drawn there, let us suppose, by Mr. Barton's eloquence."

"Pshaw," said Mr. Farquhar. "Now to my mind, you have only to look at that woman to thee what she ith—throwing her eyth about when she comth into church, and drething in a way to attract attention. I should thay, she'th tired of her brother Bridmain, and looking out for another brother with a thtstronger family likeneth. Mitheth Farquhar ith very fond of Mitheth Barton, and ith quite dithtrethed that she should athothiate with thuch a woman, tho she attacked him on the thubject purporthly. But I tell her it'th of no uthe, with a pig-headed fellow like him. Barton'th well-meaning enough, but *tho* contheited. I've left off giving him my advithe."

Mr. Ely smiled inwardly and said to himself, "What a punishment!" But to Mr. Farquhar he said, "Barton might be more judicious, it must be confessed." He was getting tired, and did not want to develop the subject.

"Why, nobody vithit-th them but the Bartonth," continued Mr. Farquhar, "and why should thuch people come here, unlth they had particular reathonth for preferring a neighborhood where they are not known? Pooh! it lookth bad on the very fathe of it. You called on them, now; how did you find them?"

"O!—Mr. Bridmain strikes me as a common sort of man, who is making an effort to seem wise and well-bred. He comes down on one tremendously with political information, and seems knowing about the king of the French. The Countess is certainly a handsome woman, but she puts on the grand air a little too powerfully. Woodcock was immensely taken with her, and insisted on his wife's calling on her, and asking her to dinner; but I think Mrs. Woodcock turned restive after the first visit, and wouldn't invite her again."

"Ha, ha! Woodcock hath alwayth a thoft place in hith heart for a pretty fathe. It'th odd how he came to marry that plain woman, and no fortune either."

"Mysteries of the tender passion," said Mr. Ely. "I am not initiated yet, you know."

Here Mr. Farquhar's carriage was an-

nounced, and, as we have not found his conversation particularly brilliant under the stimulus of Mr. Ely's exceptional presence, we will not accompany him home to the less exciting atmosphere of domestic life.

Mr. Ely threw himself with a sense of relief into his easiest chair, set his feet on the hobs, and in this attitude of bachelor enjoyment began to read Bishop Jebb's Memoirs.

#### CHAPTER IV.

I AM by no means sure that if the good people of Millby had known the truth about the Countess Czerlaski, they would not have been considerably disappointed to find that it was very far from being as bad as they imagined. Nice distinctions are troublesome. It is so much easier to say that a thing is black, than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue, or green, to which it really belongs. It is so much easier to make up your mind that your neighbor is good for nothing, than to enter into all the circumstances that would oblige you to modify that opinion.

Besides, think of all the virtuous declamation, all the penetrating observation, which had been built up entirely on the fundamental position that the Countess was a very objectionable person indeed, and which would be utterly overturned and nullified by the destruction of that premises. Mrs. Phipps, the banker's wife, and Mrs. Landor, the attorney's wife, had invested part of their reputation for acuteness in the supposition that Mr. Bridmain was not the Countess' brother. Moreover, Miss Phipps was conscious that if the Countess was not a disreputable person, she, Miss Phipps, had no compensating superiority in virtue to set against the other lady's manifest superiority in personal charms. Miss Phipps' stumpy figure and unsuccessful attire, instead of looking down from a mount of virtue with an auréole round its head, would then be seen on the same level and in the same light as the Countess Czerlaski's Diana-like form and well-chosen drapery. Miss Phipps, for her part, didn't like dressing for effect—she had always avoided that style of appearance, which was calculated to create a sensation.

Then what amusing inuendoes of the Millby gentlemen over their wine would be entirely frustrated and reduced to nought, if you had told them that the Countess had

Really been guilty of no misdemeanors which need exclude her from strictly respectable society; that her husband had been the veritable Count Czerlaski, who had had wonderful escapes, as she said, and who, as she did not say, but as was said in certain circulars once folded by her fair hands, had subsequently given dancing lessons in the metropolis; that Mr. Bridmain was neither more nor less than her half-brother, who, by unimpeached integrity and industry, had won a partnership in a silk-manufactory, and thereby a moderate fortune, that enabled him to retire, as you see, to study politics, the weather, and the art of conversation, at his leisure. Mr. Bridmain, in fact, quadragenarian bachelor as he was, felt extremely well pleased to receive his sister in her widowhood, and to shine in the reflected light of her beauty and title. Every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman or other. Mr. Bridmain had put his neck under the yoke of his handsome sister, and though his soul was a very little one—of the smallest description indeed—he would not have ventured to call it his own. He might be slightly recalcitrant now and then, as is the habit of long-eared pachyderms, under the thong of the fair Countess' tongue; but there seemed little probability that he would ever get his neck loose. Still, a bachelor's heart is an outlying fortress that some fair enemy may any day take either by storm or stratagem; and there was always the possibility that Mr. Bridmain's first nuptials might occur before the Countess was quite sure of her second. As it was, however, he submitted to all his sister's caprices, never grumbled because her dress and her maid formed a considerable item beyond her own little income of sixty pounds per annum, and consented to lead with her a migratory life, as personages on the debatable ground between aristocracy and commonalty, instead of settling in some spot where his five hundred a-year might have won him the definite dignity of a parochial magnate.

The Countess had her views in choosing a quiet provincial place like Millby. After three years of widowhood, she had brought her feelings to contemplate giving a successor to her lamented Czerlaski, whose fine whiskers, fine air, and romantic fortunes

had won her heart ten years ago, when, as pretty Caroline Bridmain, in the full bloom of five-and-twenty, she was governess to Lady Porter's daughters, whom he initiated into the mysteries of the *pas de bas*, and the lancers' quadrilles. She had had seven years of sufficiently happy matrimony with Czerlaski, who had taken her to Paris and Germany, and introduced her there to many of his old friends with large titles and small fortunes. So that the fair Caroline had had considerable experience of life, and had gathered therefrom, not, indeed, any very ripe and comprehensive wisdom, but much external polish, and certain practical conclusions of a very decided kind. One of these conclusions was, that there were things more solid in life than fine whiskers and a title, and that, in accepting a second husband, she would regard these items as quite subordinate to a carriage and a settlement. Now she had ascertained, by tentative residences, that the kind of bite she was angling for was difficult to be met with at watering-places, which were already pre-occupied with abundance of angling beauties, and were chiefly stocked with men whose whiskers might be dyed, and whose incomes were still more problematic; so she had determined on trying a neighborhood where people were extremely well acquainted with each other's affairs, and where the women were mostly ill-dressed and ugly. Mr. Bridmain's slow brain had adopted his sister's views, and it seemed to him that a woman so handsome and distinguished as the Countess must certainly make a match that might lift himself into the region of county celebrities, and give him at least a sort of cousinship to the quarter-sessions.

All this, which was the simple truth, would have seemed extremely flat to the gossips of Millby, who had made up their minds to something much more exciting. There was nothing here so very detestable. It is true, the Countess was a little vain, a little ambitious, a little selfish, a little shallow and frivolous, a little given to white lies. But who considers such slight blemishes, such moral pimples as these, disqualifications for entering into the most respectable society? Indeed, the severest ladies in Millby would have been perfectly aware that these characteristics would have created

no wide distinction between the Countess Czerlaski and themselves; and since it was clear there *was* a wide distinction—why, it must lie in the possession of some vices from which they were undeniably free.

Hence it came to pass, that Millby respectability refused to recognise the Countess Czerlaski, in spite of her assiduous church-going, and the deep disgust she was known to have expressed at the extreme paucity of the congregations on Ash-Wednesdays. So she began to feel that she had miscalculated the advantages of a neighborhood where people are well acquainted with each other's private affairs. Under these circumstances, you will imagine how welcome was the perfect credence and admiration she met with from Mr. and Mrs. Barton. She had been especially irritated by Mr. Ely's behavior to her; she felt sure that he was not in the least struck with her beauty, that he quizzed her conversation, and that he spoke of her with a sneer. A woman always knows where she is utterly powerless, and shuns a cold satirical eye as she would shun a gorgon. And she was especially eager for clerical notice and friendship, not merely because that is quite the most respectable countenance to be obtained in society, but because she really cared about religious matters, and had an uneasy sense that she was not altogether safe in that quarter. She had serious intentions of becoming *quite* pious—without any reserves—when she had once got her carriage and settlement. Let us do this one sly trick, says Ulysses to Neoptolemus, and we will be perfectly honest ever after—

ἀλλ' ἤδὲ γὰρ τοι κτήμα τῆς λίκης λαβεῖν  
τόλμα δίκαιοι δ' αὖθις ἐκπαισόμεθα.

The Countess did not quote Sophocles, but she said to herself, "Only this little bit of pretence and vanity, and then I will be *quite* good, and make myself quite safe for another world."

And, as she had by no means such fine taste and insight in theological teaching as in costume, the Rev. Amos Barton seemed to her a man not only of learning—that is always understood with a clergyman—but of much power as a spiritual director. As for Milly, the Countess really loved her as well as the preoccupied state of her affections would allow. For you have already perceived that there was one being to whom the Countess was absorbingly devoted, and to whose desires she made everything else subservient—namely, Caroline Czerlaski, *née* Bridmain.

Thus there was really not much affection in her sweet speeches and attentions to Mr. and Mrs. Barton. Still, their friendship by no means adequately represented the object she had in view when she came to Millby, and it had been for some time clear to her that she must suggest a new change of residence to her brother.

The thing we look forward to often comes to pass, but never precisely in the way we have imagined to ourselves. The Countess did actually leave Camp Villa before many months were past, but under circumstances which had not at all entered into her contemplation.

**NOVELTY IN THE COTTON TRADE.**—The invention by a Mr. Henry, of Mobile, by which the most improved cotton yarn could be manufactured on the plantation, is now in operation. The waste saved by the new machinery is said to be at least 10 per cent, while the great advantage of the invention is, a yarn 50 per cent better than at present manufactured. The machinery can be arranged immediately in the plantation, and be worked by the ordinary field hands. The cotton once taken from the gin, is placed in the machinery and spun into yarn—all the leaf and trash being thrown out in the process of manufacture. The labor required to attend the machinery is very light, and the crop can all be spun up in season to enable the hands to commence planting again as soon as the spring opens. This is the first application of slave labor to manufactures on a large scale.

**ARSENIC IN THE CRUST OF TEA-KETTLES.**—Professor Otto, of Brunswick, has recently discovered a curious fact in relation to the presence of arsenic, where that metal would have been little expected to exist: namely, in the crust that accumulates inside of tea-kettles. The fact has been long well known that arsenic is an almost invariable concomitant of iron; generally well known is also the fact that the crust deposits thrown down by water on boiling contain iron.

Cognizant of this fact, Professor Otto thought himself of collecting some of the crust which had formed on the interior of his tea-kettle, and testing it. He did so, and found arsenic.

Probably if the crust which deposits in the interior of London tea-kettles be similarly examined, it may yield a similar result.

From The National Intelligencer.

### THE ASCENT OF POPOCATEPETL.

DR. S. W. CRAWFORD, U. S. Army, has succeeded in reaching the summit of Mount Popocatepetl. He was one of a party of eighteen, who set out for that purpose from the city of Mexico, on the 12th inst. The following is from his own account of the feat.

"We arrived at Amecameca on the evening of the 11th inst. Four of our number had been obliged to return, and another, with servants, left us at Amecameca. At this point, through the kindness of our hospitable friends, we procured our guides and made the necessary arrangements for the ascent of the mountain. When our object became known, we were at once joined by a number of volunteers, all anxious to accompany us to the summit.

"While some spoke of the season of the year, and of the intense cold we might anticipate, others told us of a path to the crater, made by the Indians going up and returning with the sulphur; but we found that but few of our friends had been beyond the snow line, and that the mountain had not been ascended by even an Indian for months, the working of the sulphur ceasing with the commencement of the rainy season.

"At noon, on the 18th, we took leave of our kind host and turned our horses' heads towards the mountains. We soon reached Tomacoca. We were here joined by a party, among whom was Don Pablo Perez, a gentleman who had been engaged in extracting the sulphur from the volcano, and who had pursued the occupation for three years. His ascents had been frequent, and we felt reassured by his resolution to accompany us. Our road now was up over steep ascents, through the cedars and pines; wild flowers of every hue grew through the tangled shrubbery. By sundown we arrived, much fatigued from our day's journey, at Tlamacas.

"Our party numbered twenty, including guides and peons. We set out from Tlamacas next morning, on horseback as far as La Cruz, some thousand feet above. Here, with two of my companions, I set out on foot, the remainder rode on some distance. At the same time we all joined, and after our final arrangements of our packs, &c., we grasped our spears, and protecting our eyes from the reflection, set out upon the snow, our guides ahead—the Indians with our packs followed. Our first start out was steep and amid frozen snow. The guides and Indians struck boldly out, without spear or staff; the rest of us, clinging to our snow spears, slowly followed. Up we went some

eight hundred feet, when, getting in advance of the party, we halted to take breath—respiration had become labored and difficult—and I sat exhausted on the snow, a dead feeling, akin to sea-sickness, came over me. Rallying, however, I looked around me for my companions, and of all those who had joined us at Amecameca, not one remained. Two of my friends, with the guides, were above me shouting to us to follow. On we went, slowly and tediously. The difficulty of travelling increased with every step. The servants who accompanied us had all given out, and taking the barometer from one who had sank exhausted, I joined my companions above. On we toiled some hundred yards further, and again we stopped to rest. Our number was now reduced to four and our two guides. The same sickness I had experienced was now felt by others; the oppression was extreme.

"The cold was intense. My companions complained loudly of their feet, and so great was the suffering of one of them that I persuaded him to return. One only accompanied me for a short distance, when he returned with one guide to follow his descending companions. I was now alone with one guide and but half way to the summit.

"The ascent became more and more difficult, as breaking the ice at every step we progressed slowly and tediously. Once more I turned to look back from my dizzy height. One mis-step, and inevitable destruction awaited us in the abyss below. The stillness of the grave was over every thing, and recoiling from the sight I looked down no more. To go on for more than eight or ten paces without stopping to take rest was impossible, so rarefied had the air become. At one time, after an extraordinary exertion to reach my guide, I fell exhausted, and for some moments was unconscious. The blood gushed from my nostrils. Checking it with the frozen snow, I rallied and clambered on. My guide, more inured to such trips, had now got far ahead. The sickening sensation I had at first experienced returned with redoubled force. As I again sank exhausted on the snow, a heavy weight seemed pressing upon me, and every thing appeared to grow dim again, when I was aroused by loud shouts from my guide, as standing high above me he shouted, "the crater! the crater!" Up, up, again I climbed, clinging to his footprints; one long, painful struggle more, and I sank exhausted upon its brink.

"I looked around me, and the world seemed stretched beneath my feet. The lovely valley of Mexico, with its lakes and mountains, lay like a map beneath me: to the south and west lay the Tierra Caliente,



its hills red in the setting sun. A misty rim of silver showed the gulf of Mexico far to the eastward, and the frosty top of Orizaba rose grandly from the purple landscape. Though conversant with nature, I had never before beheld her in such magnificence. To remember that sight must ever

be a glory—to forget it can only occur with a general decay of the faculties."

The Doctor is now in Mexico, preparing for another ascent, in order to make a thorough examination of the crater of the volcano.

#### PATENT FLOATING-BALL WASHING MACHINE.

—An exceedingly ingenious and useful domestic implement is now being exhibited daily in the Court of Inventions at the Crystal Palace, by which an entirely new, easy, and efficient mode of washing all kinds of garments and fabrics is substituted for the tedious and laborious process by hand in use from time immemorial. The essential characteristic of the invention consists in the employment of floating balls in the operation of washing. Some 200 or 300 of these balls, each of which is about the size of a Seville orange, and made of elm wood, are put into a wooden trough, two or three feet long, by 15 inches deep, containing water or soapsuds, in which they all float. A fulcrum is placed at the back of the trough, having a cross-beam attached to it, resembling a common pump-handle. On one side of the fulcrum an apparatus like a small window-sash, to which the clothes to be washed are fastened, is suspended from the cross-beam immediately over the mouth of the trough; and at the extreme end of the beam, on the opposite side of the fulcrum, is a box into which weights may be put until it slightly weighs the sash up in the air. This done, the person performing the operation moves the beam handle up and down as if she were pumping water, the effect of which is to immerse the sash laden with clothes among the balls and suds, and move it about among them. The balls produce a gentle friction upon the linen, which, without in the slightest degree injuring its fabric, or breaking or tearing off buttons, effectually removes every trace of dirt in an incredibly few minutes, and the operation is complete. The labor required is so slight, that a child from 12 to 14 years of age may perform it with ease. In some of the machines of larger size and greater cost, the requisite motion, produced by turning a wheel, is even done at less trouble. The action made on the linen is equivalent to the threefold process of pounding, rubbing, and squeezing, and, as it can never exceed the resistance offered by the floating balls, it is thereby kept within bounds, which is perfectly safe for the most delicate fabrics, the wear and tear being, indeed, less than in ordinary washing by hand. The machine was invented two or three years ago by one Christopher Hollingsworth, a farmer in Indiana, and was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, where it attracted considerable interest, and numbers were sold, the Duchess of Sutherland, who bought no fewer than four, being among the purchasers. Most of the Parisian laundresses also adopted it, and others

of them, who were not able to pay for it at once, did so by instalments, rather than remain without it. The consumption of soap and fuel is much less than in washing by hand; and the fingers of the operator are never wet during the process, except to the extent necessary in putting the clothes into the sash, and taking them out and wringing them when washed. In the saving of labor, time, and material, its advantages can scarcely be exaggerated, while the price is not such as to preclude it coming into general use.

**FEEDING STEAM BOILERS BY METER.**—The owners of steam machinery are well aware, that it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for the shortcomings of one portion of their arrangements to be unwittingly attributed to another and innocent department. In this way, the engine and its boiler are often mixed up, as to their respective merits and defects, very much to the confusion of their qualities, the perpetuation of uneconomical working, and the betrayal of the confidence of the employer.

Every steam boiler and every engine ought to stand for itself; and each must support its own individual credit. What goes on in the steam cylinder is, of course, already clearly told by the indicator, and many are the valvular defects and derangements which the mechanical engineer has proved and remedied by the help of this little instrument. Now there is no reason why the "indicator" system should not find equally as good an application with reference to the real source of the power—the steam boiler. At present we put coals into the furnace, and pour water into the boiling chamber for conversion into steam; whilst we have no satisfactory return to show whether each pound of fuel does or does not produce the amount of mechanical effect which is exigible from it. But such an explanatory statement can now be obtained in a very simple and accurate manner, by mounting guard upon the water feed-pipe of the boiler with a good water meter. Each boiler must, of course, have its own special meter, so that, however many boilers there may be working in concert, the truth is always told as to the performances of every individual one. This is what Mr. Kennedy is now doing with his "cylinder and piston" meter, and his results show, what indeed is sufficiently clear upon the face of the system, that he has succeeded in giving to the steam boiler a manageable and trustworthy constant indicator.

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.—WILL THEY COME?

THE housekeeper at Porthgenna Tower had just completed the necessary preparations for the reception of her master and mistress, at the time mentioned in Mrs. Frankland's letter from St. Swithin's-on-Sea, when she was startled by receiving a note sealed with black wax, and surrounded by a thick mourning border. The note briefly communicated the news of Captain Treverton's death, and informed her that the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to Porthgenna was deferred for an indefinite period.

By the same post, the builder who was superintending the renovation of the west staircase also received a letter requesting him to send in his account as soon as the repairs on which he was then engaged were completed; and telling him that Mr. Frankland was unable, for the present, to give any further attention to the project for making the north rooms habitable, in consequence of a domestic affliction which might possibly change his intentions in regard to the alteration proposed in that part of the house. On the receipt of this communication, the builder withdrew himself and his men as soon as the west stairs and banisters had been made secure; and Porthgenna Tower was again left to the care of the housekeeper and her servant, without master or mistress, friends or strangers, to thread its solitary passages or enliven its empty rooms.

From this time, eight months passed away, and the housekeeper heard nothing of her master and mistress, except through the medium of paragraphs in the local newspaper, which dubiously referred to the probability of their occupying the old house, and interesting themselves in the affairs of their tenantry, at no very distant period. Occasionally, too, when business took him to the post-town, the steward collected reports about his employers among the old friends and dependants of the Treverton family. From these sources of information, the housekeeper was led to conclude that Mr. and Mrs. Frankland had returned to Long Beckley, after receiving the news of Captain Treverton's death, and had lived there for some months in strict retirement. When they left that place, they moved (if the newspaper report was to be credited) to the neighborhood of London, and occupied the house of some

friends who were travelling on the continent. Here they must have remained for some time, for the new year came and brought no rumors of any change in their place of abode. January and February passed without any news of them. Early in March the steward had occasion to go to the post-town. When he returned to Porthgenna, he came back with a new report relating to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, which excited the housekeeper's interest in an extraordinary degree. In two different quarters, each highly respectable, the steward had heard it facetiously announced that the domestic responsibilities of his master and mistress were likely to be increased by their having a nurse to engage and a crib to buy at the end of the spring or the beginning of the summer. In plain English, among the many babies who might be expected to make their appearance in the world in the course of the next three months, there was one who would inherit the name of Frankland, and who (if the infant luckily turned out to be a boy) would cause a sensation throughout West Cornwall as heir to the Porthgenna estate.

In the next month, the month of April, before the housekeeper and the steward had done discussing their last and most important fragment of news, the postman made his welcome appearance at Porthgenna Tower, and brought another note from Mrs. Frankland. The housekeeper's face brightened with unaccustomed pleasure and surprise as she read the first line. The letter announced that the long-deferred visit of her master and mistress to the old house would take place early in May, and that they might be expected to arrive any day from the first to the tenth of the month.

The reasons which had led the owners of Porthgenna to fix a period, at last, for visiting their country seat, were connected with certain particulars into which Mrs. Frankland had not thought it advisable to enter in her letter. The plain facts of the case were, that a little discussion had arisen between the husband and wife in relation to the next place of residence which they should select, after the return from the continent of the friends whose house they were occupying. Mr. Frankland had very reasonably suggested returning again to Long Beckley—

not only because all their oldest friends lived in the neighborhood, but also (and circumstances made this an important consideration) because the place had the advantage of possessing an excellent resident medical man. Unfortunately this latter advantage, so far from carrying any weight with it in Mrs. Frankland's estimation, actually prejudiced her mind against the project of going to Long Beckley. She had always, she acknowledged, felt an unreasonable antipathy to the doctor there. He might be a very skilful, an extremely polite, and an undeniably respectable man; but she never had liked him, and never should, and she was resolved to oppose the plan for living at Long Beckley, because the execution of it would oblige her to commit herself to his care. Two other places of residence were next suggested: but Mrs. Frankland had the same objection to oppose to both—in each case, the resident doctor would be a stranger to her, and she did not like the notion of being attended by a stranger. Finally, as she had all along anticipated, the choice of the future abode was left entirely to her own inclinations; and then, to the amazement of her husband and her friends, she immediately decided on going to Porthgenna. She had formed this strange project, and was now resolved on executing it, partly because she was more curious than ever to see the place again; partly because the doctor who had been with her mother in Mrs. Treverton's last illness, and who had attended her through all her own little maladies, when she was a child, was still living and practising in the Porthgenna neighborhood. Her father and the doctor had been old cronies, and had met for years at the same chess-board every Saturday night. They had kept up their friendship, when circumstances separated them, by exchanges of Christmas presents every year; and when the sad news of the Captain's death had reached Cornwall, the doctor had written a letter of sympathy and condolence to Rosamond, speaking in such terms of his former friend and patron as she could never forget. He must be a nice, fatherly old man, now—the man of all others who was fittest, on every account, to attend her. In short, Mrs. Frankland was just as strongly prejudiced in favor of employing the Porthgenna doctor, as she was prejudiced against employing the Long Beckley doctor; and she ended—as all

young married women, with affectionate husbands, may, and do, end, whenever they please—by carrying her own point, and having her own way.

On the first of May, the west rooms were all ready for the reception of the master and mistress of the house. The beds were aired, the carpets cleaned, the sofas and chairs uncovered. The housekeeper put on her satin gown and her garnet brooch; the maid followed suit, at a respectful distance, in brown merino and a pink ribbon; and the bald old steward, determining not to be outdone by the women, produced a new and becoming auburn wig, ordered expressly for the occasion, and a black brocaded waistcoat, which almost rivalled the gloom and grandeur of the housekeeper's satin gown. The day wore on, evening closed in, bed-time came—and there were no signs yet of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland.

But the first was an early day on which to expect them. The steward thought so, and the housekeeper added that it would be foolish to feel disappointed, even if they did not arrive until the fifth. The fifth came, and still nothing happened. The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth followed; and no sound of the expected carriage-wheels came near the lonely house.

On the tenth, and last day, the housekeeper, the steward, and the maid, all three rose earlier than usual; all three opened and shut doors, and went up and down stairs oftener than was needful; all three looked out perpetually towards the moor and the high road, and thought the view flatter, and duller, and emptier than ever it had appeared to them before. The day waned, the sunset came; darkness changed the perpetual looking out of the housekeeper, the steward, and the maid, into perpetual listening; ten o'clock struck, and still there was nothing to be heard when they went to the open window, but the dull, wearisome, ceaseless beating of the surf on the sandy shore.

The housekeeper began to calculate the time that would be consumed on the railway journey from London to Devonshire, and on the posting journey afterwards through Cornwall to Porthgenna. When had Mr. and Mrs. Frankland left Plymouth?—that was the first question. And what delays might they have encountered afterwards in getting horses?—that was the second. The

housekeeper and the steward differed irritably in debating these points; but both agreed that it was necessary to sit up until midnight, on the chance of the master and mistress arriving late. The maid, hearing her sentence of banishment from bed for the next two hours, pronounced by the superior authorities, yawned and sighed mournfully—was reproved by the steward—and was furnished by the housekeeper with a book of Hymns to read, to keep up her spirits.

Twelve o'clock struck, and still the monotonous beating of the surf, varied occasionally by those loud, mysterious, cracking noises which make themselves heard at night in an old house, were the only audible sounds. The steward was dozing; the maid was fast asleep under the soothing influence of the Hymns; the housekeeper was wide awake, with her eyes fixed on the window, and her head shaking forebodingly from time to time. At the last stroke of the clock she left her chair, listened attentively, and still

hearing nothing, shook the maid irritably by the shoulder, and stamped on the floor to arouse the steward.

"We may go to bed," she said. "They are not coming."

"Did you say they were not coming at all?" asked the steward, sleepily setting his wig straight.

"No; I said they were not coming," answered the housekeeper sharply. "But it wouldn't surprise me, for one, if we never set eyes on them after all our trouble in getting the place ready. This is the second time they have disappointed us. The first time, the Captain's death stood in the way. What stops them now? Another death? I should n't wonder if it was."

"No more should I," assented the steward with a yawn.

"Another death!" repeated the housekeeper, superstitiously. "If it is another death, I should take it, in their place, as a warning to keep away from the house."

#### CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.—MRS. JAZEPH.

Ir, instead of hazarding the guess that a second death stood in the way of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's arrival at Porthgenna, the housekeeper had, by way of variety, surmised, this time, that a birth was the obstacle which delayed them, she might have established her character as a wise woman, by hitting at random on the actual truth. Her master and mistress had started from London on the ninth of May, and had got through the greater part of their railway journey, when they were suddenly obliged to stop, on Mrs. Frankland's account, at the station of a small town in Somersetshire. The little visitor who was destined to increase the domestic responsibilities of the young married couple, had chosen to enter on the scene in the character of a robust boy-baby, a month earlier than he had been expected, and had modestly preferred to make his first appearance in a small Somersetshire inn, rather than wait to be ceremoniously welcomed to life in the great house of Porthgenna, which he was one day to inherit.

Very few events had ever produced a greater sensation in the town of West Winston, than the one small event of the unexpected stoppage of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's journey at that place. Never, since the last election, had the landlord and land-

lady of the Tiger's Head Hotel bustled about their house in such a fever of excitement, as possessed them, when Mr. Frankland's servant and Mrs. Frankland's maid drew up at the door in a fly from the station, to announce that their master and mistress were behind, and that the largest and quietest rooms in the hotel were wanted immediately, under the most unexpected and most interesting circumstances. Never, since he had triumphantly passed his examination, had young Mr. Orridge, the new doctor, who had started in life by purchasing the West Winston practice, felt such a thrill of pleasurable agitation pervade him from top to toe, as when he heard that the wife of a blind gentleman of great fortune had been taken ill on the railway journey from London to Devonshire at the West Winston station, and required all that his skill and attention could do for her, without a moment's delay. Never, since the last archery meeting and fancy fair, had the ladies of the town been favored with such an all-absorbing subject for conversation as was now afforded to them by Mrs. Frankland's mishap. Fabulous accounts of the wife's beauty and the husband's fortune poured from the original source of the Tiger's Head, and trickled through the highways and byways of the little town.



There were a dozen different reports, one more elaborately false than the other, about Mr. Frankland's blindness, and the cause of it; about the lamentable condition in which his wife had arrived at the hotel; and about the painful sense of responsibility which had unnerved the inexperienced Mr. Orridge from the first moment when he set eyes on "his fashionable and lovely patient." It was not till eight o'clock in the evening that the public mind was relieved at last from all suspense by an announcement that the child was born, and screaming lustily; that the mother was wonderfully well, considering all things; and that Mr. Orridge had not only kept possession of his nerves, but had covered himself with distinction by the skill, tenderness, and attention with which he had performed his duties.

On the next day, and the next, and for a week after that, the accounts were still favorable. But on the tenth day, a catastrophe was reported. The nurse who was in attendance on Mrs. Frankland had been suddenly taken ill, and was rendered quite incapable of performing any further service for at least a week to come, and perhaps for a much longer period. In a large town this misfortune might have been readily remedied, but in a place like West Winston it was not so easy to supply the loss of an experienced nurse at a few hours' notice. When Mr. Orridge was consulted in the new emergency, he candidly acknowledged that he required a little time for consideration before he could undertake to find another professed nurse of sufficient character and experience to wait on a lady like Mrs. Frankland. Mr. Frankland suggested telegraphing to a medical friend in London for a nurse, but the doctor was unwilling for many reasons to adopt that plan, except as a last resource. It would take some time to find the right person, and to send her to West Winston; and, moreover, he would infinitely prefer employing a woman with whose character and capacity he was himself acquainted. He therefore proposed that Mrs. Frankland should be trusted for a few hours to the care of her maid, under supervision of the landlady of the Tiger's Head, while he made inquiries in the neighborhood. If the inquiries produced no satisfactory result, he should be ready, when he called in the evening, to adopt Mr. Frankland's plan.

On proceeding to make the investigation that he had proposed, Mr. Orridge, although he spared no trouble, met with no success. He found plenty of volunteers for the office of nurse, but they were all loud-voiced, clumsy-handed, heavy-footed countrywomen, kind and willing enough, but sadly awkward, blundering attendants to place at the bedside of such a lady as Mrs. Frankland. The morning hours passed away, and the afternoon came, and still Mr. Orridge had found no substitute for the invalided nurse, whom he could venture to engage.

At two o'clock he had half an hour's drive before him to a country house, where he had a child-patient to see. "Perhaps I may remember somebody who may do, on the way out, or on the way back again," thought Mr. Orridge, as he got into his gig. "I have some hours at my disposal still, before the time comes for my evening visit at the inn."

Puzzling his brains, with the best intention in the world, all along the road to the country house, Mr. Orridge reached his destination without having arrived at any other conclusion than that he might just as well state his difficulty to Mrs. Norbury, the lady whose child he was about to prescribe for. He had called on her when he bought the West Winston practice, and had found her one of those frank, good-humored, middle-aged women, who are generally designated by the epithet "motherly." Her husband was a country squire, famous for his old politics, his old jokes, and his old wine. He had seconded his wife's hearty reception of the new doctor with all the usual jokes about never giving him any employment, and never letting any bottles into the house, except the bottles that went down into the cellar. Mr. Orridge had been amused by the husband and pleased with the wife; and he thought it might be at least worth while, before he gave up all hope of finding a fit nurse, to ask Mrs. Norbury, as an old resident in the West Winston neighborhood, for a word of advice.

Accordingly, after seeing the child, and pronouncing that there were no symptoms about the little patient which need cause the slightest alarm to anybody, Mr. Orridge paved the way for a statement of the difficulty that beset him, by asking Mrs. Norbury if she had heard of the "interesting event" that had happened at the Tiger's Head.

"You mean," answered Mrs. Norbury, who was a downright woman, and a resolute speaker of the plainest possible English—"you mean, have I heard about that poor unfortunate lady who was taken ill on her journey, and who had a child born at the inn? We have heard so much, and no more—living as we do (thank Heaven!) out of reach of the West Winston gossip. How is the lady? Who is she? Is the child well? Can I send her any thing, or do any thing for her?"

"You could do a great thing for her, and render a great assistance to me," said Mr. Orridge, "if you could tell me of any respectable woman in this neighborhood who would be a proper nurse for her."

"You don't mean to say that the poor creature has not got a nurse!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury.

"She has had the best nurse in West Winston," replied Mr. Orridge. "But most unfortunately, the woman was taken ill this morning, and was obliged to go home. I am now at my wit's end for somebody to supply her place. Mrs. Frankland has been used to the luxury of being well waited on; and where I am to find an attendant, who is likely to satisfy her, is more than I can tell."

"Frankland, did you say, her name was?" enquired Mrs. Norbury.

"Yes. She is, I understand, a daughter of that Captain Treverton who was lost with his ship, a year ago, in the West Indies. Perhaps you may remember the account of the disaster in the newspapers?"

"Of course I do! and I remember the Captain, too. I was acquainted with him when he was a young man, at Portsmouth. His daughter and I ought not to be strangers, especially under such circumstances as the poor thing is placed in now. I will call at the inn, Mr. Orridge, as soon as you will allow me to introduce myself to her. But, in the mean time, what is to be done in this difficulty about the nurse? Who is with Mrs. Frankland now?"

"Her maid; but she is a very young woman, and doesn't understand nursing-duties. The landlady of the inn is ready to help when she can; but then she has constant demands on her time and attention. I suppose we shall have to telegraph to London, and get somebody sent here by railway."

"And that will take time, of course? And the new nurse may turn out to be a drunkard, or a thief, or both,—when you have got her here," said the outspoken Mrs. Norbury. "Dear, dear me! can't we do something better than that? I am ready, I am sure, to take any trouble, or make any sacrifice, if I can be of use to Mrs. Frankland. Do you know, Mr. Orridge, I think it would be a good plan if we consulted my housekeeper—Mrs. Jazeph. She is an odd woman, with an odd name, you will say. But she has lived with me in this house more than five years, and she may know of somebody in our neighborhood who might suit you, though I don't." With these words, Mrs. Norbury rang the bell, and ordered the servant who answered it, to tell Mrs. Jazeph that she was wanted up stairs immediately.

After the lapse of a minute or so, a soft knock was heard at the door, and the housekeeper entered the room.

Mr. Orridge looked at her, the moment she appeared, with an interest and curiosity for which he was hardly able to account. He judged her, at a rough guess, to be a woman of about fifty years of age. At the first glance, his medical eye detected that some of the intricate machinery of the nervous system had gone wrong with Mrs. Jazeph. He noted the painful working of the muscles of her face, and the hectic flush that flew into her cheeks when she entered the room and found a visitor there. He observed a strangely scared look in her eyes, and remarked that it did not leave them when the rest of her face became gradually composed. "That woman has had some dreadful fright, some great grief, or some wasting complaint," he thought to himself. "I wonder which it is?"

"This is Mr. Orridge, the medical gentleman who has lately settled at West Winston," said Mrs. Norbury, addressing the housekeeper. "He is in attendance on a lady, who was obliged to stop, on her journey westward, at our station, and who is now staying at the Tiger's Head. You have heard something about it, have you not, Mrs. Jazeph?"

Mrs. Jazeph, standing just inside the door, looked respectfully towards the doctor, and answered in the affirmative. Although she only said the two common words, "Yes, ma'am," in a quiet, uninterested way, Mr.

Orridge was struck by the sweetness and tenderness of her voice. If he had not been looking at her, he would have supposed it to be the voice of a young woman. His eyes remained fixed on her after she had spoken, though he felt that they ought to have been looking towards her mistress. He, the most unobservant of men in such things, found himself noticing her dress, so that he remembered, long afterwards, the form of the spotless muslin cap, that primly covered her smooth gray hair, and the quiet brown color of the silk dress that fitted so neatly and hung around her in such spare and disciplined folds. The little confusion which she evidently felt at finding herself the object of the doctor's attention, did not betray her into the slightest awkwardness of gesture or manner. If there can be such a thing, physically speaking, as the grace of restraint, that was the grace which seemed to govern Mrs. Jazeph's slightest movements; which led her feet smoothly over the carpet, as she advanced when her mistress next spoke to her; which governed the action of her wan right hand as it rested lightly on a table by her side, while she stopped to hear the next question that was addressed to her.

"Well," continued Mrs. Norbury, "this poor lady was just getting on comfortably, when the nurse, who was looking after her, fell ill this morning; and there she is now, in a strange place, with a first child, and no proper attendance—no woman of age and experience to help her as she ought to be helped. We want somebody fit to wait on a delicate woman who has seen nothing of the rough side of humanity. Mr. Orridge can find nobody at a day's notice, and I can tell him of nobody. Can you help us, Mrs. Jazeph? Are there any women down in the village, or among Mr. Norbury's tenants, who understand nursing, and have some tact and tenderness to recommend them, into the bargain?"

Mrs. Jazeph reflected for a little while, and then said, very respectfully, but very briefly also, and still without any appearance of interest in her manner, that she knew of no one whom she could recommend.

"Don't make too sure of that, till you have thought a little longer," said Mrs. Norbury. "I have a particular interest in serving this lady, for Mr. Orridge told me, just before

you came in, that she is the daughter of Captain Treverton, whose shipwreck——"

The instant those words were spoken, Mrs. Jazeph turned round with a start, and looked at the doctor. Apparently forgetting that her right hand was on the table, she moved it so suddenly that it struck against a bronze statuette of a dog placed on some writing materials. The statuette fell to the ground, and Mrs. Jazeph stooped to pick it up with a cry of alarm which seemed strangely exaggerated by comparison with the trifling nature of the accident.

"Bless the woman! what is she frightened about?" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "The dog is not hurt—put it back again! This is the first time, Mrs. Jazeph, that I ever knew you do an awkward thing. You may take that as a compliment, I think. Well, as I was saying, this lady is the daughter of Captain Treverton, whose dreadful shipwreck we all read about in the papers. I knew her father in my early days, and on that account I am doubly anxious to be of service to her now. Do think again. Is there nobody within reach who can be trusted to nurse her?"

The doctor, still watching Mrs. Jazeph with that secret medical interest of his in her case, had seen her turn so deadly pale when she started and looked towards him, that he would not have been surprised if she had fainted on the spot. He now observed that she changed color again when her mistress left off speaking. The hectic red tinged her cheeks once more with two bright spots. Her timid eyes wandered uneasily about the room; and her fingers, as she clasped her hands together, interlaced themselves mechanically. "That would be an interesting case to treat," thought the doctor, following every nervous movement of the housekeeper's hands with watchful eyes.

"Do think again," repeated Mrs. Norbury; "I am so anxious to help this poor lady through her difficulty, if I can."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Jazeph, in faint, trembling tones, but still always with the same sweetness in her voice, "very sorry that I can think of no one who is fit; but——"

She stopped. No shy child on its first introduction to the society of strangers could have looked more disconcerted than she

looked now. Her eyes were on the ground; her color was deepening; the fingers of her clasped hands were working together faster and faster every moment.

"But what?" asked Mrs. Norbury.

"I was about to say, ma'am," answered Mrs. Jazeph, speaking with the greatest difficulty and uneasiness, and never raising her eyes to her mistress' face, "that, rather than this lady should want for a nurse, I would—considering the interest, ma'am, which you take in her—I would, if you thought you could spare me——"

"What, nurse her yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "Upon my word, although you have got to it in rather a roundabout way, you have come to the point at last, in a manner which does infinite credit to your kindness of heart and your readiness to make yourself useful. As to sparing you, of course I am not so selfish, under the circumstances, as to think twice of the inconvenience of losing my housekeeper. But the question is, are you competent as well as willing? Have you ever had any practice in nursing?"

"Yee, ma'am," answered Mrs. Jazeph, still without raising her eyes from the ground. "Shortly after my marriage" (the flush disappeared, and her face turned pale again as she said those words), "I had some practice in nursing, and continued it at intervals until the time of my husband's death. I only presume to offer myself, sir," she went on, turning towards the doctor, and becoming more earnest and self-possessed in her manner as she did so; "I only presume to offer myself, with my mistress' permission, as a substitute for a nurse until some better qualified person can be found."

"What do you say, Mr. Orridge?" asked Mrs. Norbury.

It had been the doctor's turn to start when he first heard Mrs. Jazeph propose herself for the office of nurse. He hesitated before he answered Mrs. Norbury's question, then said:

"I can have but one doubt about the propriety of thankfully accepting Mrs. Jazeph's offer."

Mrs. Jazeph's timid eyes looked anxiously and perplexedly at him as he spoke. Mrs. Norbury, in her downright abrupt way, asked immediately what the doubt was.

"I feel some uncertainty," replied Mr.

Orridge, "as to whether Mrs. Jazeph—she will pardon me, as a medical man, for mentioning it—as to whether Mrs. Jazeph is strong enough, and has her nervous system sufficiently under control, to perform the duties which she is so kindly ready to undertake."

In spite of the politeness of the explanation, Mrs. Jazeph was evidently disconcerted and distressed by it. A certain quiet, uncomplaining sadness, which it was very touching to see, overspread her face, as she turned away without another word, and walked slowly to the door.

"Don't go yet!" cried Mrs. Norbury, kindly, "or, at least, if you do go, come back again in five minutes. I am quite certain we shall have something more to say to you then."

Mrs. Jazeph's eyes expressed her thanks in one grateful glance. They looked so much brighter than usual while they rested on her mistress' face, that Mrs. Norbury half doubted whether the tears were not just rising in them at that moment. Before she could look again, Mrs. Jazeph had curtsied to the doctor, and noiselessly left the room.

"Now we are alone, Mr. Orridge," said Mrs. Norbury, "I may tell you, with all submission to your medical judgment, that you are a little exaggerating Mrs. Jazeph's nervous infirmities. She looks poorly enough I own—but, after five years' experience of her, I can tell you that she is stronger than she looks, and I honestly think you will be doing good service to Mrs. Frankland if you try our volunteer nurse, at least, for a day or two. She is the gentlest, tenderest creature I ever met with, and conscientious to a fault in the performance of any duty that she undertakes. Don't be under any delicacy about taking her away. I gave a dinner-party last week, and shall not give another for some time to come. I never could have spared my housekeeper more easily than I can spare her now."

"I am sure I may offer Mrs. Frankland's thanks to you as well as my own," said Mr. Orridge. "After what you have said, it would be ungracious and ungrateful in me not to follow your advice. But will you excuse me, if I ask one question? Did you ever hear that Mrs. Jazeph was subject to fits of any kind?"

"Never."



"Not even to hysterical affections, now and then?"

"Never, since she has been in this house."

"You surprise me; there is something in her look and manner——"

"Yes, yes; everybody remarks that, at first; but it simply means that she is in delicate health, and that she has not led a very happy life (as I suspect) in her younger days. The lady from whom I had her (with an excellent character) told me that she had married unhappily when she was in a sadly poor, unprotected state. She never says any thing about her married troubles herself; but I believe her husband ill-used her. However, it does not seem to me that this is our business. I can only tell you again that she has been an excellent servant here for the last five years, and that, in your place, poorly as she may look, I should consider her as the best nurse that Mrs. Frankland could possibly wish for under the circumstances. There is no need for me to say any more. Take Mrs. Jazeph, or telegraph to London for a stranger—the decision of course rests with you."

Mr. Orridge thought he detected a slight tone of irritability in Mrs. Norbury's last sentence. He was a prudent man; and he suppressed any doubts he might still feel in reference to Mrs. Jazeph's physical capacities for nursing rather than risk offending the most important lady in the neighborhood at the outset of his practice in West Winston as a medical man.

"I cannot hesitate a moment after what you have been good enough to tell me," he said. "Pray believe that I gratefully accept your kindness and your housekeeper's offer."

Mrs. Norbury rang the bell. It was answered, on the instant, by the housekeeper herself.

The doctor wondered whether she had been listening outside the door, and thought it rather strange, if she had, that she should be so anxious to learn his decision.

"Mr. Orridge accepts your offer with thanks," said Mrs. Norbury, beckoning to Mrs. Jazeph to advance into the room. "I have persuaded him that you are not quite so weak and ill as you look."

A gleam of joyful surprise broke over the housekeeper's face. It looked suddenly younger by years and years, as she smiled and expressed her grateful sense of the trust that was about to be reposed in her. For the first time also since the doctor had seen her, she ventured on speaking before she was spoken to.

"When will my attendance be required, sir?" she asked.

"As soon as possible," replied Mr. Orridge. How quickly and brightly her dim eyes seemed to clear as she heard that answer! How much more hasty than her usual movements was the movement with which she now turned round and looked appealingly at her mistress!

"Go whenever Mr. Orridge wants you," said Mrs. Norbury. "I know your accounts are always in order, and your keys always in their proper places. You never make confusion and you never leave confusion. Go, by all means, as soon as the doctor wants you."

"I suppose you have some preparations to make?" said Mr. Orridge.

"None, sir, that need delay me more than half-an-hour," answered Mrs. Jazeph.

"This evening will be early enough," said the doctor, taking his hat, and bowing to Mrs. Norbury. "Come to the Tiger's Head, and ask for me. I shall be there between seven and eight. Many thanks again, Mrs. Norbury."

"My best wishes and compliments to your patient, doctor."

"At the Tiger's Head, between seven and eight this evening," reiterated Mr. Orridge, as the housekeeper opened the door for him.

"Between seven and eight, sir," repeated the soft sweet voice, sounding younger than ever, now that there was an under-note of pleasure running through its tones.

CONSUMING SMOKE FROM BAKERS' OVENS.—Mr. Beadon, the magistrate at the Marlborough-street Police Court, has given a decision which will help to enforce the provisions of the Smoke Consuming Act. He fined a baker £5, and £5 costs, for not having any apparatus for the con-

sumption of smoke applied to his oven. It is proved not only that it is practicable to consume the smoke from bakers' ovens, but that the means adopted insure a large saving of fuel. We are glad that the bakers have had a lesson they will probably remember.

From The National Magazine.

## THE WEDDING DRESS.

BY MARGUERITE A. POWER,  
AUTHOR OF "EVELYN FORESTER."

"So the year's done with!  
(*Love me forever!*)  
All March begun with,  
April's endeavor;  
May-wreaths that bound me  
June needs must sever;  
Now snows fall around me,  
Quenching June's fever  
(*Love me forever!*)."

"Ay, love me forever!" The poor soul closed the book that lay open on her knee, and, through tears that made the landscape swim, looked out of the lattice by which she was sitting.

It was early autumn—autumn at the time it is sobered but not yet saddened by the thought that winter is coming. From the casement, round which clustered heavy masses of odorous clematis, spread, in the foreground, a little lovely garden, checkered with sun and shade and glowing flowers, among which the brown bees roamed all through the bright hours, while beyond, a broad, blue, distant landscape stretched itself away to the far horizon.

In the quiet room within all was hushed and still as without; such a pretty room, so English, so peaceful, so homely, yet with such a touch of elegance in its simple old-fashioned arrangements. Its polished oak furniture, its dark wainscoting, its Indian china cups and bowls, its wide fire-place with steel dog-irons, its deep latticed windows,—all belonged to a time gone by, and yet all were kept in a state of neatness and careful preservation, that made them as fit for service as on the day of their completion.

In a corner, the tall clock ticked its "ever never, never ever" drowsily; a blackbird sat still on his perch; a great tabby cat, that had long ago given over glaring at him, subdued, as it seemed, by the passionless atmosphere of the place, lay winking with her paws tucked under her; and the very flies ceased to buzz and torment as they are wont to do in autumn, once they get within the stilly precincts of the room.

And outwardly quiet as the rest sat its mistress, looking out with unseeing eyes towards the horizon.

DCLXXII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XVII. 8

She was one of those women of whom we have little experience, but who our instinct tells us at a glance have survived a great sorrow that has altered their nature, and that is ever present with them as their shadow, which they have learned to bear from sheer necessity, but which they have never accepted or got resigned to. She was not young, nor handsome, though she might once have been so. Her dress was dark, simple, strictly neat, and put on with that unconscious taste and care that marks a sense of innate propriety and refinement, totally apart from vanity or the desire to attract; and her smooth dark hair, marked here and there with a single thread of silver, was braided under her quiet white cap.

"Ay, love me forever!" she repeated, compressing her lips over her teeth till they became bloodless. "The last words I said to him the last night I ever looked on him. O, if I could but see him once more, tell him to his face, calmly, as I could now, what a hell he has made of my life; how he has turned the current of my nature, blasted all that was best, nourished all that was worst in me, taken from me the love and trust in God and man,—O, if I could do this, then I could die in peace, were it even by his hand! Peace!—for twenty years I have been pining for the only peace I can ever hope for—that of the grave, and it will not come. Now I know, that till I have seen him, spoken to him, *curled him*, I cannot even die. But that thought is something to live for: it is a fearful thing, a life without an object. No hope, no aim, no tangible desire, good or bad; and twenty years of this existence have proved too much for me, strong as I thought myself. I do not pray. God does not listen to the prayers of such as I am; and indeed I have no thought to ask any thing of Him. He has afflicted me too heavily; He has laid on me a burden He knew I was not able to bear. I was proud; yes, and He has smitten me just where I could least endure to be smitten.

"There may be heaven, there must be hell; Meanwhile there is our earth here—well!"

She got up, replaced the volume of poems on the shelf where it stood with several others, and, taking her knitting, began working with the outward placidity of one whom the habit of strong self-command for

years has enabled to perform the routine of daily occupation with ease and skill.

We must go back two-and-twenty years. Esther Eyre was then eighteen, the only child of a rich farmer, who, as well as his wife, doted on her, and fully believed her to be a marvel of all human perfection.

She was very pretty, not without cleverness, proud, wilful, headstrong, though possessed of qualities that reasonable and wholesome culture would have nurtured into virtues. Her affections were deep and strong; she was generous, unselfish, sincere, and self-devoted.

But this culture was denied her. Every caprice of hers was accepted, every wish gratified, every word and act tolerated, if not applauded; and worst of all, perhaps, she received that dangerous degree of education which calls into play a woman's vanity and love of display, which renders her unfit for the exercise of simple duties, and leaves her mind as uncultivated as before. She acquired, in short, a smattering of accomplishments at a provincial boarding-school, and at sixteen returned to her father's house, a *genteel miss*, utterly unsuited to take her place in any station in society.

Poor Esther! her motto might have been, "I know nothing, and despise all things"—all things, at least, within her reach. Profoundly ignorant herself, she had no patience for the ignorance of those around her. She turned up her nose at all homely interests, occupations, and pleasures; and she had no resources within herself to supply her with others. The consequence was, an endless pining for a change of position, a discontented longing after excitement of any kind, above all, a craving to enter that paradise of fools of the middle class yecept genteel society; that mean, trifling, struggling, truly vulgar medium between the society of the unpretending grade, which comprises all who honestly and simply gain their bread by their labor, of whatever nature that labor be,—a class from which it originally sprang, and which it affects to despise,—and that of the upper walks in the social scale, the members of which, in turn, despise and ridicule it, while it seeks to ape their ideas and manners in preposterous caricatures, and cringes at the feet that contemptuously spurn it.

And thus two years of Esther's life passed after her return from school.

During this period she had had various opportunities of marrying well, and settling in the position to which she was born; but such a destiny was, of all others, the one least suited to her ambition. The farmers' sons who sought her alliance had coarse hands, talked agriculture, and could not, any one of them, sing Haynes Bailey's ballads. She must have a gentleman, that is to say, a man who performed no manual employment to earn a livelihood, and who was eminently genteel; Esther's notions of a gentleman going little beyond these limits.

And at the end of the two years she found a gentleman such as her dreams had presented.

James Stowell was the son of a man who had begun life as a small attorney in a country town, who had scraped together—no matter how—a certain capital, and who had finished by establishing himself as a money-lending lawyer in London. The trade throve, and the elder Stowell, in order to secure a consideration that would insure a fresh supply of clients, adopted a style of vulgar luxury that, to a certain degree, achieved his purpose.

His son soon outstripped him in the course he had adopted. Good-looking, plausible, and with a peculiar talent for suiting himself to the ideas, peculiarities, and weaknesses of those with whom he came in contact, James Stowell twisted and wheedled and wormed himself into the society of the youth of a class considerably above his own. Gaming, the turf, and other such amiable devices for the dispersion of money and credit, soon made very considerable breaches in the Stowell possessions, and led to an interview between the father and son, which terminated in the former assuring the latter, by no means politely, but very energetically, that the present debts of honor (so called) once paid, he, the son and heir, must contrive as he best could to live on a certain and not very liberal allowance.

Of course James Stowell had not the slightest notion of living on any thing of the kind, and fresh debts were contracted, which Stowell senior resolutely declined to pay. The consequence was, that James found the atmosphere of London, Newmarket, and Goodwood, wholly unsuited to his constitution, for the time being at least, and that he considered the air of Yorkshire (there is

a good deal to be done there in the horse-dealing line) likely to be of some service to him.

So to Yorkshire he went, and somehow fell in with Esther Eyre.

Times must have been very hard indeed, or the notion of marrying a farmer's daughter would have been the very last to have entered the head of our hero.

However, they were hard, and the notion therefore found admission. It was an idea that cost nothing to take into consideration: nothing better at present loomed in the horizon. He might try the thing cautiously, and if the hope of a more favorable or satisfactory *dénouement* presented itself, James Stowell was not the man to let any foolish considerations, any quixotic scruples, interfere in his arrangement of affairs.

So Esther Eyre's little fortune was soon, in imagination, stowed in the very empty pockets of our youthful adventurer; and to Esther herself, as the key of the coffer, nothing less, he began to pay assiduous court.

And so at last she had found the prince who was to free her from bondage! This was perhaps Esther's first thought. It may seem strange that the earliest impression of a girl of eighteen should be a selfish and a worldly one. But I think most people who have carefully studied life, and bought their experience thereof, will have discovered the mistake which exists in supposing that it is ever in early youth that the most pure and unworldly and golden-age ideas are uppermost.

Early youth craves pleasure, excitement, the enjoyments that proceed from the lust of the eye, the gratification of the senses, as children prefer butterflies to nightingales: and all that tend to insure it these fancied treasures it grasps at eagerly. A few years later, the dormant soul awakes, and demands possessions of more solid worth. It learns that Love walking in the mire may be happier than Indifference in a carriage,—that a *tête-à-tête* over the fire may possess charms such as the crowd in the ball-room never know,—and that certain words of earnest heart-spoken prose may sound incomparably sweeter than the strains of all the *prima donnas* in civilized Europe.

But in the mean while, before the woman's heart has awakened, it is apt to think complacently of being Mrs. So-and-so, with a

house of its own, and freedom to come and go, and dress itself, without mamma's dictation and papa's grumbling at its milliner's bills.

The hour of waking is ever a critical one, and generally decides a woman's destiny; for it is not all women—far from it—who ever do come to the second birth, that of the heart and soul. Those, the many, that are not destined to arrive thereat possess the same notions, somewhat hardened, somewhat more materialized even, at the end of their career than at the beginning.

Esther began by admiring James Stowell immensely, and by being extremely pleased and flattered by his marked attentions. Such a man was not often met with in the society to which she belonged, but in whose circle she felt herself degraded by moving; and vanity was the first sentiment awakened in her breast.

Soon this gave place to a real and intense affection, into which she rushed with the headlong impetuosity that marked her character. Stowell saw his advantage at once, and, sure of her,—for, like many women, proudly intractable in all other relations of life, she was ready to be made the slave of a lover,—he began playing a game of fast and loose that bound her yet more to him, from the insecurity of her tenure, at the same time that it rendered a withdrawal on his part, should he deem it advisable to adopt such a course, all the easier.

Finally, the speculations in horseflesh, that principally led to his bending his steps to that part of the country, not proving so successful as he hoped, and duns becoming dangerously impatient, he finished by making up his mind to propose to the farmer's daughter. What her reply to the proposition was need not of course be stated. The views of her father, however, were not quite the same as her own. Apart from his blind affection for his daughter, Mr. Eyre was a sufficiently shrewd and sensible man, and much of what he saw and heard of young Stowell led him to mistrust his motives and himself, and to look on the notion of his becoming the husband of Esther with any thing but satisfaction.

For this emergency our hero was quite prepared; but he well knew Esther's influence in the household: on it he counted, and on it he worked, exciting the chivalry and



flattering the pride of the poor foolish girl, by laying all his cause in her hands, and leaving her to fight out the domestic battle alone. As usual, she conquered by alternate prayers and reproaches, entreaties and sulks; and very unwillingly indeed, and with sorrow and mistrust, was the paternal consent accorded.

And so the wedding day was fixed, and the wedding-dress ordered; and Esther was perfectly happy.

It was the night before that great and memorable day, and James Stowell spent the evening as usual with his bride-elect. Things having come to a crisis now, the father had resolved to make the best of the matter. The mother, who saw only with her daughter's eyes, good woman, and had never therefore objected to the match, was shining in the reflected radiance of her child's felicity; and Esther was too deeply happy to be demonstrative of her joy.

At half-past ten, a late hour for the farm, James Stowell rose to go, and Esther accompanied him to the porch, lingering over the last "Good-night." It was June, with June's white moonlight and faint night-winds stirring the climbing roses in the trellis, and bringing the breath of new-made hay from the meadows. A pensiveness stole over her, which James tried to laugh away; sentiment sat ill on him, and it was always the last resource to which he resorted. Nay, any one but that poor blind girl might have seen there was a touch of raillery and even impatience in his mode of treating her.

"Good-night, my dear," he said; "you must let me be off now; for I have letters to write, a quantity of things to do, before I can get to bed. Don't you let yourself be getting into the dolefuls, my little wife; that's right!" as she looked up smilingly at the magic syllable. "Keep up your spirits, and be looking in beauty to-morrow, do you mind? Good-night;" and he kissed her hastily, and was off without replying to the last words she whispered in his ear:

"Love me forever!"

The morrow came, and Esther was up and dressed in her bridal attire, and prepared to start for the church. Shall I confess it? even then a little touch of vanity, of conscious superiority over her somewhat awed and deeply-admiring bridesmaids, over the good simple people assembled to the wed-

ding, had its place beside the deep love, the solemn sense of the duties of her new position, in her mind.

A letter was brought her, and she paled and started at the sight of the well-known hand.

"My dear Esther," it ran, "matters, which it is impossible for me to explain at this moment, render it *indispensable* for me to go to town by this morning's mail. How unfortunate! I'll write as soon as I can, but I don't know when that may be. Keep up your spirits.—Yours affectionately,

"J. STOWELL."

No date, no address given, no means of communication afforded, no hope held out, and for regret—"How unfortunate!"

She felt the bitter mockery of every word in the very inmost recesses of her soul; she knew at once that all was over forever, that there was nothing to be done or hoped for, or wondered at even; and in an instant there passed before her opened eyes a vision of those thousand minute instances of heartlessness and indifference on his part that had hitherto escaped her.

She took off her wedding dress, and packed it in a little trunk quietly and silently. All the other relics and tokens of this shattered love—they were neither costly nor many—she burnt with his few letters; and then she announced to her parents that she meant to leave the place forever. Prayers and tears having failed to move her, she went, accompanied by her mother, to an aunt in London, with whom she remained, visited constantly by her parents, till their death, followed by that of her sole remaining relative, left her to take up her abode alone in the world.

At the age of thirty she came, a grave, staid, middle-aged woman, to settle in the cottage where I have first described her; and here, under the maiden name of her mother and aunt,—for she had cast aside her own with every other vestige of the past, except the wedding dress, fading and yellowing in the trunk,—she resided with a little servant-maid; shunning all society, all companionship, without a friend or an interest in the wide world, and finding in the monotonous routine of her every-day employments, performed only for herself, varied with a little desultory reading, sometimes of good books, sometimes of bad ones, a very insuffi-

cient resource against the wearing bitterness of her spirit.

Truly "it is not good for man to be alone," when the solitude is peopled only by such phantoms as those that crowded round Esther's hearth; and worst of all it is for any human creature to abdicate the duties, hopes, labors, and sympathies that God in mercy gives to every one of us, however barren his lot.

We all grow better or worse as we get on in life, softer or harder. Esther Jyre got worse and harder.

Of all the relics of the past, Esther had reserved but one—her wedding dress. It seemed strange that among the *souvenirs* connected with that past, that which of all others was calculated the most to recall the agonizing pain and mortification of her life should be the sole one to be preserved. But it was done with that very intention.

As she took it off on the day which was to have been her bridal one, she made a silent vow to keep it precious as a memorial of that suffering, and the hatred to which it had given rise; so that if ever a day came when the recollection of what she had undergone should soften in her heart, a look at it should steel her again. In the little black trunk, in which her hands had that day placed it, it now lay; and often—not that there was any need to revive the cankering bitterness of her soul—she would, when alone, unlock the box and gaze at the poor, crushed, yellow garment, once so fresh and pure, and muse and bitterly philosophize over it. This was generally at night; for her nights were often sleepless, and when the vexed spirit refused to let the body rest, she would rise from her bed, open the trunk, look long at its contents; then closing it, and restoring the key to its usual place under her pillow, return to her weary couch to brood over her wrongs and her sufferings till daylight.

And this was the life she had led for years, and the life she looked to leading, without change or break or improvement or mitigation, till the day should come, might it be far or near, that would call her away, she gave no thought whither.

Latterly, however, a new thought had dawned upon her,—a feverish desire, vague in form, intense in degree, to see her former lover, accuse him of his perfidy, and relieve

her long pent-up concentrated suffering by pouring it out, not in the hope of gaining pity or sympathy, but as a relief to the bitter burning hatred and vengeance that devoured her.

For years she had heard nothing of him; she knew not if he were alive or dead; she had no possible means of communicating with him, or of obtaining information concerning him; but the passionate desire for this supreme occasion worked in her a superstitious conviction that it would be brought about, and to it she looked daily with strengthening assurance.

And this was the only hope and aim she had given to her existence.

"And you shall see how the devil spends  
The fire God gave for other ends."

The drowsy clock had slowly struck eleven when Esther left the hushed and quiet little room to go to her bedroom, which adjoined it.

The white window-curtains had been left open, and the moonbeams lay still and spectre-like on the bed. She opened the lattice and looked out. Though the season was different, the aspect of the night was strangely like that of the one, when, upwards of twenty years ago, she had last parted with James Stowell; there was the same repose, the same pure light; and while she gazed with hard dry eyes, a breeze brought the same perfume of new-mown hay, of which the second crop was ripening.

"Love me forever!"

her parting words that night, how strangely had they come before her again this very day! Did all this mean any thing? Perhaps so.

It was past twelve when she went to bed, and near daylight when she fell into a deep slumber.

From this a faint noise, yet more, a vague consciousness of some unusual presence, disturbed her, and, without moving, she opened her eyes; they fell on the figure of a man, whose back was to her, and who was stealthily engaged in forcing the lock of the little trunk that contained the wedding dress.

Her nerves were hard, and she saw all the dangers and all the requirements of the position at once; so she lay motionless, watching him, and striving to regulate her breathing so that he might not become con-

scious of her waking, assured that when he perceived what were the contents of the box, he would, if not disturbed, retire without injuring her.

At last the lock yielded, and the lid was opened; the man paused, evidently disappointed; then silently raising the dress, he began to search underneath it. Nothing! He rose from his knees, and turned towards the bed. The pale light of the night-lamp fell on both their faces as their eyes met, and they recognized each other.

Like a vengeful spectre, Esther rose in her bed, her face ghastly, her teeth gleaming from between her strained lips, livid circles round her glaring eyes.

"Then the time *has* come for our meeting!" she said. "Traitor, robber! truly you have worked out your destiny! O, I have thirsted, craved, yearned for this moment; and now it has come, I cannot find words to convey one-tenth part of the hatred, the loathing I have for you! It was not enough that you had robbed my youth of love, hope, peace, home, happiness; that you trod my pride under foot; that you made me a by-word in my own place; that you turned every wholesome feeling in me into venom; that you drove me forth from hearth and kindred;—this could not suffice you; but now you come, a midnight thief and house-

breaker, to steal my wretched substance! Yes, look at that dress!—my bridal-dress!—such a wedding-garment is fit, in sooth, to introduce me into heaven, is it not!" and she laughed a fearful laugh, sitting up in the bed with pointing finger.

"At all events," she went on, "you have now given me the means of exercising material vengeance on you. Yes, my lover! yes, my betrothed! the country-girl you spurned did not die of love for your sweet sake. She has lived to——"

A wild choking yell interrupted her speech, as Stowell, seizing her throat, forced her down on the bed, crushing the pillow over her head, till sound and movement had entirely ceased. Then he removed them, and saw the blackened visage with its starting eyeballs glaring up at him, but fixed and sightless.

A few weeks later, the county-papers announced the execution of James Stowell, with an account of his career, for the wilful murder of Mrs. Esther Eyre, an elderly lady of somewhat eccentric habits, who had long resided at Linley, —shire, under an assumed name; the adoption of which could only be accounted for by her general singularity of deportment, there being nothing to conceal in her perfectly tranquil and blameless life.

**COATING IRON WITH COPPER.**—A highly interesting series of experiments on the process patented by Mr. Tytherleigh, for coating iron with copper or brass, was recently made at the Electro-plate works of Mr. Heeley of Birmingham.

Hitherto it has been easy enough to deposit copper upon iron, but until Mr. Tytherleigh's discovery, the combination of the two metals has not been so completely achieved as to permit of the iron, when coated, being rolled into any required thickness, or stamped into the innumerable forms occurring in the various stages of manufacture. The principle of the process adopted under this patent is analogous to that of soldering, the difference being that the granulated metal used in soldering is spread over the surface of the iron, instead of being merely applied to the edges which the workman desires to unite. Supposing, for example, that it is intended to coat a sheet of iron with brass, the patentee prepares the iron by what is technically called "pickling," or cleansing it. He then spreads evenly over the surface the common brass solder, and over this he spreads a quantity of borax to act as a flux. The sheet

so prepared is placed in a furnace heated to the proper degree, and after remaining in the fire for about ten seconds, is withdrawn and permitted to cool, the short space of time mentioned being amply sufficient to insure the union of the metals. Iron thus coated has been subjected to the severest tests in annealing, rolling, and planishing, and has successively endured them all, the brass being so firmly united to the iron that nothing short of actually filing it down is able to effect a separation. By using a furnace with doors on opposite sides, and by the adoption of proper machinery, sheets of any size may be thus coated, and the process may be successfully performed on both sides of the sheet at the same time.

The advantages of such an invention are obvious. The innumerable articles now made of brass and copper may in future be made of iron covered with either of those metals. Strength, lightness, and cheapness are amongst the principal advantages derivable from the use of the new material; and in addition, the danger arising from oxidation in the case of iron may be entirely obviated.

From The Spectator.

## HIGH LIFE AT HOME.

WHEN the American frigate *Merrimac* was in Southampton Water, she was visited by the Earl of Hardwicke and his family; and in return for the hospitality of the officers he invited them to his house. One of those officers sent to his friends an account of the doings at Lord Hardwicke's house, and the letter has found its way into the *Journal*, a paper published at Washington in North Carolina. Some passages will give the reader a lively idea of its character.

"We sat down to table at half-past seven o'clock. These are always epaulette and sword occasions. Lord Hardwicke's family consists of his Countess, his eldest son (about eighteen or twenty, and Lord Royston by courtesy), three of the finest-looking daughters you ever saw, and several younger sons. The daughters—Lady Elizabeth, Lady Mary, and Lady Agnita—are surpassingly beautiful; such development, such rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and unaffected manners, you rarely see combined. They take a great deal of out-door exercise; and came aboard the *Merrimac* in a heavy rain, with Irish thicker-soled shoes than you or I ever wore, and cloaks and dresses almost impervious to wet. They steer their father's yacht, walk, the Lord knows how many miles, and don't care a cent about rain, besides doing a host of other things that would shock our ladies to death; and yet in the parlor they are the most elegant women in their satin shoes and diamonds I ever saw. The Countess, in her coronet of jewels, is an elegant lady, and looks like a fit mother for three such women. His Lordship has given us three or four dinners. He lives here merely during the yachting season; and leaves here on Friday for his country seat at Cambridge, where he spends his winter, as do all English gentlemen of means, in hunting, &c.; and when Parliament is in session he lives in London in his town-house. Here he has a host of servants; and they wear the gaudiest livery—white coats with big silver buttons, white cravats, plush knee-breeches and vest, with white silk-stockings, and low shoes. Lord Hardwicke's brother is Dean of York, a High Church dignitary; has two pretty daughters, and is himself a jolly gentleman. After dinner the ladies play and sing for us; and the other night they got up a game of blindman's buff, in which the ladies said we had the advantage, inasmuch as their 'petticoats rustled, so that they were easily caught.' They call things by their right names here. In the course of the game, Lord Hardwicke himself was blindfolded,

and, trying to catch some one, fell over his daughter's lap on the floor, when two or three of the girls caught him by the legs and dragged his Lordship, roaring with laughter, as we all were, on his back into the middle of the floor. Yet they are perfectly respectful, but appear on a perfect equality with each other. In fact, the English are a great people."

If foreign countries are a contemporary posterity, they take all the advantage of their privileges. Railways and steamers have given them a power of coming close to us which posterity could never enjoy; and the consequence is, that we have memoirs in our own days, and sketches of private life, which are seldom vouchsafed to the public during lifetime. The English public knows Lord Hardwicke well, as one of the most respectable conservatives in the House of Lords; a gallant officer himself, an authority in naval matters, a gentleman rather wronged by the rigid application of that mechanical rule for retirement which is the substitute for justice and good sense in the distribution of employments; a sort of German silver justice. In debates, we have known him as a man in earnest, businesslike, and, if tinged with party feeling, high-minded. It is a new spectacle to see him playing at blindman's buff, and dragged along the floor on his back, by his legs, at the mercy of three lovely daughters, all "roaring with laughter." The American was struck with ladies who could steer a boat, who came on board ship in weather-tight dresses and thick-soled shoes, yet were "surpassingly beautiful," and "in the parlor are the most elegant women, in their satin shoes and diamonds, that he ever saw." The step from the drawing-room to nature seems a wide stride, yet after all the *Merrimac* officer found extremes meet; and the beautiful women, who are made by something defter than "the 'prentice hand" of Nature, were quite prepared to face Nature in any of her moods, even including rain, "besides a host of other things that would shock our ladies to death," namely the American ladies.

The conclusion that our Transatlantic friend comes to is amusing. He has just described how two or three of the girls caught the noble Lord by the legs, and "dragged his Lordship on his back to the middle of the floor; yet," he exclaims, "they are perfectly respectful, but appear on a perfect



equality with each other. In fact, the English are a great people." The remark makes us smile, and yet we hope it is true. What can be a more complete triumph of civilization than to have come back to nature again; thus completely in spirit to have united nature and art? In the playing at blindman's buff, "the ladies said we [the men] had the advantage, inasmuch as their *petticoats* rustled so that they were easily caught. They call things," says the admiring American, "by their names here." So that Marryat and Mrs. Trollope were not so far wrong in their description of America, where they ignore limbs or the details of clothing.

People are never so severely satirized as by themselves. The hardest cuts at the Americans are in some of their recently-published "etiquette" books, in which they are told, ladies as well as gentlemen, that they ought not to help themselves at table without asking others if they will have some; that they must not pick the teeth with a fork, spit, use slang, cover up the furniture before the guests depart at night, and be guilty of many other little forgetfulnesses. Yet we should be guilty of precisely the same vulgarity ourselves if we assumed that satire gives a just picture of our cousins. No people was ever painted by a satirist, not even when it was an involuntary satirist. We too have etiquette-books of our own, and Heaven forbid that English manners should be either learnt or inferred from them. Etiquette-books are made for those who are confessedly uncivilized; and the authors are usually those whose own requirements have made them feel the want of such works. They are guide-books for snobs, "by one of themselves." If to be American means to be ignorant of good manners, puffed up with

pretension, anxious to be distinguished yet clumsy at the art, we have plenty of Americans in London. Our immense multitudinous society is cut up into different sections; "circles" are formed; and the manners and customs of the several circles differ as much from each other as the manners of England, France, Italy, and America. The sketch by an American officer will be as much news in some parts of our own country, in some parts even of "society," as it will in New York or Boston. But there is the same difference in every other country: the manners of the Southern planter, of the intellectual Boston merchant, and the 'cute New York speculator, present contrasts as sharp as any we can find at home, and that is saying every thing. We should be the vulgar detractors if we supposed American life to be the exact contrast of life at Portsmouth because the American officer was charmed. There are ladies and gentlemen wherever there are educated men and women; trusting themselves because they trust others, regardless of the feelings of those around them, and making pretension to nothing that is not theirs. The woman who is gracefully endowed by nature, and has been surrounded by true knights, will know her power, and dispense it sweetly, on whichever side of the Atlantic she be born. There is "high life" wherever there is high feeling; and it is clean against nature and reason to suppose that there can be twenty or thirty millions of men and women of our own flesh and blood, amid the grand scenes, the grand associations, and grand ideas of America, without ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps the one point of difference is, that, being more scattered, they do not so far approach to a body corporate, and present so distinct a model in accepted manners and customs.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC FAC-SIMILES OF ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.**—The powers of photography have very recently been employed with great success in producing a number of fac-simile copies of the *Codex Argenteus* of Ulphilas, the oldest (fourth century) sample extant of the Gothic language, the great mother-tongue of the whole German stock. Dr. Leo, a gentleman connected with the Royal Library in Berlin, was led by the numerous variations in the different reprints of the Ulphilas texts, to travel to Upsala, where the MS. is still preserved, and there take photographic pictures on glass (so called negatives) of about sixty pages contain-

ing disputed texts. His original idea was simply that of obtaining a fac-simile for convenient study at home; but the process itself has gone a great way to solve the difficulties and disputes, by showing clearly what forms part of the original manuscript, and what has been written in or over it subsequently. The success of this application of photography, will, perhaps, incite the curators of our valuable libraries to publish fac-simile editions of rare MSS. for the benefit of the distant student, and submit all palimpsests and other recondite parchments to this most detective test before proceeding to purchase.

## AMERICAN ART AT ROME.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily News*, writing from Rome, gives some items of interest connected with the present state of American art in Rome. We make an extract:

"Among the sculptors, Mr. Rogers has been lately increasing the reputation he acquired by his early statue of 'Ruth.' He has received an order from the United States government for one of the bronze doors of the library at Washington, upon the model for which he is now successfully engaged, as well as upon a statue of John Adams, destined for Boston. Among Mr. Ives' works in marble, his 'Pandora,' 'Flora,' and 'Cupid as a Fisher Boy,' evince a pure classical taste; his 'Excelsior' is a fine group, not yet put in marble, and his 'Rebecca at the Well' is full of grace and beauty.

"Mr. Bartholomew is fast rising into notice; his principal work is 'Eve after the fall.' There are productions of beauty and merit to be found in the studios of Mr. Mozier and Mr. Story. The latter, educated for the law, abandoned that profession for the arts, and is now occupied on a statue of his father, the late Judge Story of Boston. The studios of Messrs. Greenough, Aiken, and other sculptors, more recently arrived here, are also interesting.

"There are many American painters devoted to the historic, ideal, and landscape branch of art, now exercising their profession in Rome. Among the first is Mr. Page, famed as a colorist, and an admirable imitator of the tone of the ancient masters. His most important works of late have been 'Mary and Elizabeth,' 'The Supporting of Moses' Hands,' and a 'Venus,' which has afforded as much subject for discussion to our transatlantic brethren as Gibson's tinted Venus has to the English lovers of art. Mr. Terry (who has just accompanied Mr. Crawford to Paris) has been for years eminent among his countrymen as a historical painter; he has in his studio now a fine painting of 'Tobit and the Angels.'

"Mr. Thompson has been established five years in Rome as a painter of ideal subjects and portraits, in both which branches he has displayed much feeling, truth, and beauty of coloring. Among many very pleasing compositions, the most attractive his studio has recently presented are 'A Circassian Slave' (now in Boston), 'The Guardian Angels,' and 'The Descent of Truth.' Mr. Freeman, long a resident in this city, has followed the historical department of art, and sent to America, among other productions, a work of great merit, representing 'Columbus and

his Son at the Gate of the Monastery.' Mr. Chapman has devoted himself principally to the brilliant delineation of Italian scenery and costume. Mr. Brown is among the first of the American landscape painters in Rome, and has conscientiously studied the marine and coast scenery of Italy, as well as the purer landscape subjects. Mr. Nichols follows the same branch of art, delighting, like Mr. Page, in a low and harmonious tone of color. Mr. Tilton is a careful observer of the atmospheric beauties of nature. Mr. Ropes is among the lately arrived artists in the same line.

"About thirty other American painters and sculptors complete the transatlantic colony of art in the Eternal City. They are, in general, earnest and energetic in their efforts to attain excellence, and while they, of course, concur in the main points requisite for achieving that desideratum, they retain sufficient peculiarity and independence to give to their works piquancy and originality. I must not omit to mention two American ladies who have devoted their fair hands to the rude materials of sculpture. Miss Hosmer, Mr. Gibson's pupil, already advantageously known by her 'Puck,' has recently completed a graceful figure, representing Beatrice Cenci in Prison; Miss Landon of Salem, near Boston, has not resided so long in Rome, but displays much talent in the studies she has been pursuing under the direction of her eminent countryman, Crawford."

The colored Venus of Gibson, alluded to in the above extract, is still the subject of much discussion. A letter from Rome of Jan. 29 says:

"No man living, perhaps, is so thorough a master of form and proportion as Mr. Gibson, and his Venus is, in these respects, his *chef d'œuvre*. The modelling of the torso and limbs is very fine, the form and sentiment of the back beautiful. Greek art is to Mr. Gibson evidently the Alpha and Omega of all art. The Greeks colored their statues; why should not the moderns? and so Mr. Gibson took brush in hand and covered the beautiful, highly-wrought marble with a thin pink wash, stained the hair a delicate tow, pencilled the head-fillet blue and gold, gilded the apple in the hand, and made the hem of the robe to correspond with the band in the hair. Thus, neither flesh nor marble, statue nor woman, stands the Venus, challenging all beholders to accept or reject the innovation. Near to the Venus is a colored copy of his beautiful Cupid, even more eccentric than the Venus; the flesh a delicate salmon-tint, the hair a warmer tow than the Venus, in virtue of

virility perhaps, the eyes fixed and staring, looking over, not at, the butterfly on his breast, the wings tinted in palest hues of rose and blue; while the pedestal on which this masquerading god stands is of a deep tawny yellow, a bad imitation of *giallo antico*. Given the advantage of coloring marble, one cannot but feel, while looking at these statues, how distinct is the art of the

sculptor and the painter; and any eye sensitive to color must experience a sensation of relief in turning to the stately group of the Queen, supported by Justice and Clemency, the original of which is just placed in the British House of Lords, and to the basso-relievo of Cupid and Psyche, than which nothing more chaste and pure in modern art exists."

**METHOD OF PREVENTING ACCIDENTS FROM CHLOROFORM.**—A correspondent of the Medical Times writes as follows: "Ever since Dr. J. Y. Simpson made the qualities of this powerful agent known, I have been in the habit of using it freely in an extensive general practice; and, although I have used it at least one thousand times, I have never seen the least bad consequences follow from it, and I consider that this success depends greatly on the precaution I take before administering the chloroform; this simply consists in administering a glass of spirits or wine. I prefer the former, even to ladies. The wine, or spirits, seem to exercise no effect on the chloroform, while their stimulating quality keeps up the action of the heart during the time the patient is under chloroform, and prevents sinking. I had occasion, some years ago, to perform a slight surgical operation on a lady who was fearfully afflicted with asthma, and excessively nervous. Her husband being a medical man, objected to the use of the chloroform in such a case, but I assured him that the wine would prevent any evil happening. The operation was performed, the patient saved from the pain of it, and to her great relief she had no return of asthma for a long time, and when it did return, she had recourse to the chloroform, which, again for a time, gave her great relief."

**DISCOVERY OF A BED OF FOSSILS.**—A short time since, as some men were getting out clay for bricks in the farm of Mr. Greaves of Tingewick, Bucks, they found several strata of fossils, and, having never seen such things before, they sent some to a neighboring surgeon to know what they could be.

He examined a great number of them, and pronounced them to be marine vegetables, fungi, algae, and fuci, which had either grown where they were found, or had been washed out of the Chiltern chalk range, and drifted to that locality; this opinion was strengthened by their being all striated with thin layers of chalk, and being composed of marl, which is a mixture of clay and chalk. The color and the shape of many of them are so like that of biscuits that they deceived persons at table; but their variety of shape is fantastic beyond description, and their number immense. Many years ago a large deposit was found at the Isle of Sheppy on the Thames; but they were tropical in their origin, and consisted of cocoa nuts, fruits, spices, &c., to the extent of 700 varieties.

**THE OXYMEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AND GELATINE-GLYCERINE PROCESSES.**—Oxymel, a medicinal preparation of vinegar and honey, has recently been introduced by Mr. Llewellyn of Peullergare, as a photographic medium. The result of the use of this compound proves that a most valuable discovery has been made in the art. With this substance, all the beautiful delicacy of the finest collodion pictures can be obtained with great ease and certainty, suppradded to the convenience of the paper process. The new system is well suited to the requirements of the tourist, who can now prepare one or two dozen plates on a fortnight's run, exposing them in the camera as he may want them, whilst the development may stand over for his leisure. Mr. Beckingham, of Birmingham, has been working upon a plan which is a modification of two dry collodion processes, and combines the advantages of both gelatine and glycerine. He primarily prepares his plates with Ramsden's collodion in a slightly acid bath, and after a good washing, a solution made by dissolving 180 grains of pure gelatine in 20 ounces of water, filtering whilst hot, and when nearly cold adding 8 ounces of glycerine of specific gravity 1.3000, is poured upon the plate for a few seconds, and the plate is then dried. Plates prepared in this way have been kept for 38 days without producing any diminution of sensitiveness. Previous to developing, the plate is immersed in cold water for five minutes, the development being accomplished either with gallic acid and nitrate of silver or pyrogallie acid.

**WHAT OUR RAILWAYS HAVE COST.**—The cost of railways in England has varied from £300,000 to £5,000 per mile. Three railways have cost £300,000, £264,000, and £145,030 per mile respectively; one £76,000; two between £60,000 and £70,000; four between £50,000 and £60,000; eighteen between £40,000 and £50,000; twelve between £30,000 and £40,000; thirty-seven between £20,000 and £30,000; eighteen between £15,000 and £20,000; seven between £10,000 and £15,000; seventeen between £7,000 and £10,000; six between £6,000 and £7,000; and three between £5,000 and £6,000. The Indian line from Bombay to Surat will cost less than £7,000 a mile, although the iron has to be conveyed from our shores. Were it not that there are several large rivers to cross, £3,500 a mile would about cover the costs.

## THE MUSIC OF THE WINDS.

O ! MANY-VOICED is that giant lyre  
Swept by the viewless fingers of the Wind,  
And sounding Nature's harmonies, combined  
In mood of joy, or sadness; love, or ire.

At noon, at eve, among the summer leaves  
The gentle wind awakes a melody  
That lenient to pain and sorrow gives,  
Soothing the ear with lulling symphony.

When from the mountain-caves,  
And from the ocean-waves,  
A stormy choral chant is swelling,  
How grand the harmonies that sweep

Across the foaming deep,  
And through the swaying woods,  
And flying mists, and rain-fraught clouds;  
While the loud thunder-tones are knelling  
Around the Tempest-Spirit's lofty dwelling !

And now the mingled music, deep and shrill,  
Streams o'er the sloping shoulder of the hill,  
And, in the vale beyond, in silence dies;  
While, from the cloud-barred western skies,  
The setting sun a crimson glow  
Pours on the sea-cliff's beetling brow,  
And skimmers on each curling wave's white  
crest,  
And on dim sails of ships far in the luring  
east.

The Music of the Wind is hushed around;  
And, o'er yon valley where it died away,  
Steal the long shadows of the fading day.  
The darkening hills repeat no other sound  
But the wild murmur of the flooded river,  
And ocean's distant boom that ceaseth never.

—Household Words.

## VIGILS.

A YOUNG and yet unbelted knight he seems  
Watching his maiden armor by the well.  
He standeth in the moonlight dim and gray,  
With darkness round, on which his steady gaze  
Is bent, expectant of some issuing foe.  
The light of a great purpose seems to burn  
In those bright, lucid eyes—and the young lips  
Are white and stern with high expectancy.  
So stands he silent in the silent light,  
Pale, fixed, and eager—guarding those pure  
arms

Which Honor on the morn shall gird him with,  
And send him forth on quests of high emprise,  
Her tried and loyal knight.

O ardent youth  
On whom the mail of manhood hath not fallen,  
Has not this scene a teaching good for thee?  
Thou too hast arms to guard, God-given and  
fair.

Watch that no stain obscure their lovely sheen :  
Watch through the night-hours for the envious  
foe

Whose birth is of the darkness, yet whose  
power  
Harms not him standing in the gentle light

Of strong and glowing truth. Then hopefully,  
With bright, unsullied armor, go thou forth  
To fight for Truth with many a world-born  
wrong

Which reigns supreme, and drinks of human  
tears

As monsters did of old. Go, and fear not;  
Fight through the Night, till breaks the blessed  
Dawn—

When thou shalt see a shining Presence stand,  
To crown thee victor from thy arduous strife  
In Life's great lists, and heir to glorious lands  
Won by thy wounds, O soldier of the Cross !

—Chambers' Journal.

M. A. D.

## FANNY KEMBLE'S CHILD.

[Extracted from a Poem thus entitled, by the author of "Passion Flowers."]

O ! MANY-PASSIONED woman—fervid soul  
Thou, rich in all save meekness—strong in all  
Save that strong patience which outwears  
Fate,

And makes gods quail before its constancy.  
Which was forgotten in thy gifts of birth?  
Of all the powers the greatest only—Love.

What voice makes music in the childless breast  
Which thine own diapason cannot fill?  
Has conscience ne'er a moral for the void?  
Do thy forsaken ones cry out to thee  
For the brave nature left aside one day  
To follow stormy feeling round the world?  
Or gatherest thou, from thine own infancy,  
Nature shall take thy glorious foundlings up,  
Proving a wiser and a tenderer nurse  
Than thou, self-tortured, and self-comforting !  
O ! wander where thou wilt, thou must return  
From the flushed conquests of a thousand fields,  
Vanquished at last of sorrow, as creeps back  
From her wild course the wounded lioness,  
That death may find her crouching near her  
young.

Peace wait upon thee where thou seekest it—  
At the world's altar, or the convent grate.  
But while thou walkest, Time doth follow on  
With lessons that are slow and great to learn;  
Lessons of human weakness, and life's woe;  
The impotence of anger, the divine  
Of pardon, and th' unconquerable power  
Fixed in the waiting, philosophic eye.

Grief hath its wanderings—pass and pardon  
mine.

Thine was the lot of woman, only thou  
Wert more than woman in thy haughty will,  
And less than woman in humility.  
Battling for higher tasks, and loftier praise,  
Thy matchless office was unknown of thee.  
A helpful partner? whence are mightiest laws  
But of opposing forces, greatly wed?  
A nurse of babies? what is nature else?  
See, the stars nestle in the down of night,  
And, from the calm of one wide mother-breast  
Doth holy sleep reconsecrate the world.